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THE INFANT KING OF SPAIN OPENING THE BARCELONA EXHIBITION.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

If what one reads, or even a part of it, is true respecting the Whistling Lady, we are likely to hear more about bird music—which she has studied so carefully—than we have hitherto known; her imitations of the feathered songsters will have a much more general interest than her accomplishments in other ways, just as the Herr Von Joel of our boyhood (at Evans's) was infinitely more popular than the operatic performers who trilled and quavered under the same roof. Was it more curiosity and the strangeness of the thing, I wonder, that made us so rapturous over our devilled kidneys and champagne, at his rendering of the thrush and the nightingale; or was it the touch of nature, the thought of the sylvan scenes his harmony conjured up, and in which we had once been virtuous? There was nothing of unreality in his imitations, for birds are more imitative than man himself. Even the skylark, after it has learnt the parent note, will catch the note of any other bird in its vicinity: for which reason bird-fanciers place the caged bird near another skylark that has not long been caught, to keep it, as they term it, "honest." The difference of the notes and passages executed by birds of this kind, though delicate, is very marked; the Kentish goldfinch and the Essex chaffinch are held superior to all others, and the Surrey nightingales are more highly thought of (however the London newspapers may sneer at the provincial press) than those of Middlesex. Perhaps it is their provincial accent itself which is so pleasant. "The nightingale," says Mr. Barrington, "has sixteen different beginnings and closes," with many intermediate notes, while other birds have not above four or five changes. "It continues its song for not less than twenty seconds, and whenever respiration becomes necessary it is taken with as much judgment as by an opera singer." Little is really known of nightingales, though they are such popular favourites. It is generally supposed that they are untamable. Yet a near relative of my own who, in her old age, gave herself up to their society, became so popular in it that I have seen half a dozen of them flying round her head like pigeons, and taking from her very lips the dainty seeds she had placed there for their delectation. Few persons are aware that the canary is not an original singer, but borrows its notes from the tit-lark and the nightingale. The chief breeding-place for canaries used to be Innsprück, whence every year four Tyrolese imported about 1500 of them into England. "Though they carried them on their backs a thousand miles," says Barrington, "as well as paid a duty of £20 on the whole number, they made a handsome profit by selling them at five shillings a piece." Now that we have a lady who has given so much attention to birds, and also possesses the art of imitating them, we shall look for a popular entertainment indeed.

I hope she will give us their action and movement, which are always graceful and characteristic, as well as their song. The strut of the peacock, and the sudden and fan-like expansion of his tail, would be perhaps a little too farcical (the same remark will, certainly, apply to the water wagtail); but the "going" of most birds is the very poetry of motion. The "run" of the thrush, for example—those half-a-dozen quick paces he takes with the worm in his eye before he transfers it to his beak—is infinitely more graceful than that with which the ballet dancer trips on to the stage. The jerks and flirts of birds are ravishing to the lover of nature. There is nothing in humanity more humorous than the conduct of the magpie in the exercise of his profession—stealing. Even the rook has great gifts. As I sit here, looking on to a field by the seaside close to a rookery, I see a couple of them—evidently husband and wife—who have found a dead crab on the sand. They are in deep mourning, but the sight of it causes them to forget whatever bereavement they may be suffering from, as they pounce upon this treasure-trove with a hoarse cry of joy. It was injudicious and fatal to secrecy, but they really couldn't help it. Half a dozen other rooks wing their way towards them at the glad sound. But the sagacious couple are now on their guard. They turn their backs on the crab, and even hop a few paces away from it; they talk to one another in "caws" of unconcern; their bright eyes glance to left and right in admiration of the scenery. "Crab? Nothing of the kind," they say, in answer to eager inquiries. "Upon our word and honour, we were only expressing our satisfaction at the extraordinary beauty of the"—Here they break off, for the crab has been seen by another rook, and hop back to it with incredible speed. Nothing is left for them but to gobble it up as quickly as possible, so that nothing may be left for the others. Action! passion! there is nothing wanting (except more crab) to complete the felicity of their movements. It is as good as a play, and better than the nigger minstrels!

I am in the country, which must excuse my "Notes" this week dealing with bird notes. Let me speak for a moment of that familiar—sometimes a little too familiar—bird, the parrot. I don't think much of his whistle. Our whistling lady will probably beat him at that; but, on the other hand, he gives his own imitations of humanity, which may rival her efforts to portray his feathered friends. There was of late advertised a parrot who could make original observations, not mere slavish "copy," but the most apt remarks. A parrot-fancier answered this advertisement, and the advertiser brought his bird. He was not beautiful, and he did not look accomplished. He no sooner opened his mouth, however, than his genius discovered itself. "Supposing that this bird is all that you say of it," inquired the possible purchaser, "what do you want for it?" "Fifty pounds," said the dealer. "Make it guineas," exclaimed the parrot. The enraptured bird-fancier bought him at once. Weeks rolled on, and the bird never said another word. Not even that solitary sentence, "Make it guineas," which the purchaser naturally thought he had learned by rote—as was the case with that world-famous bird that cried, "What a precious lot of parrots!" (on finding himself

in a bird show) and for evermore held his peace. He sent for the dealer, and thus frankly addressed him: "Of course, I have been taken in. This infernal bird is dumb—can't even say, 'What's o'clock' or 'Pretty Poll.'" "He only professes to make original observations," put in the dealer. "Nonsense; he does nothing but scratch himself. You have got your money; at least, tell me how he contrived to say, 'Make it guineas,' at so appropriate a moment. I'll forgive you, if you'll only tell me the truth." "Very good, Sir; then, he didn't say it all; I said it for him. I'm a ventriloquist. My parrots all make original observations; but only in my presence." Then the parrot-fancier shook hands with the dealer and gave him a list of other parrot-fanciers (his personal friends), who also in due time were taken in, which, of course, was very soothing.

In the first favourite of old farces there was a character who used always to observe, when any article of general belief was enunciated, "That's a popular error." His whole part might now be rewritten, with new matter of the same description. He culled his examples from a whole library of histories; but the last volume or two, published since his time, contain as many of them again. It seems scarcely worth while to study the ancient historians, when to so many of their most cherished assertions the modern ones give the lie direct. To "Mangnall's Questions"—the text-book, in my time, of juvenile scholars—half Mangnall's answers have been proved to be wrong. Richard III., instead of being the tyrant who exclaimed, "Business first, and pleasure afterwards!" when he killed the King before he smothered the babies, has been shown to be one of the wisest of Monarchs, and if a little hunch-backed, that was through poring over divinity books, as poor old Falstaff lost his voice through singing of anthems. Henry VIII., instead of "never sparing man in his wrath, nor woman in his passion," is now shown to have been a very jolly fellow, though too much in favour of those facilities of divorce adopted by some States in America. Charles I., formerly Martyr—and whom to call otherwise used to put Miss Yonge's heroes in quite a frenzy—is thought anything but respectable. Oliver Cromwell, once "hypocrite and small tradesman," is "the greatest Prince that ever ruled in England." History has become an extravaganza where, in the transformation-scene, everybody changes characters. As for its watchwords of a later date—"Up, Guards and at 'em!" and "The Guard never surrender!"—we all know what has become of them. By the essays of the late Mr. Ingleby another batch of our popular idols has been overthrown, and more of our historical anecdotes relegated to the regions of romance. Dr. Guillotin, he tells us, never invented the mowing-machine which has been attributed to him. It was first designed by a Dr. Louis, and termed "The Louisette," and only received the name of the other medical man because he recommended its use to the Assembly. One of the finest and most trusted stories of the Terror is that of Mademoiselle de Sombreuil being made to drink her father's blood. It now appears she did nothing of the kind; but having fainted with joy at the success of her appeal for her father's life, was presented most politely with a glass of *eau sucrée* by a patriot who had had no time to wash his hands. The gentlemen whose present mission it is to "make history," must be sanguine, indeed, if they expect posterity will accept it according to their receipt. Each generation now makes history for itself, as claret is made with "blends" to suit the taste.

There are no public "Reports," upon the whole, so satisfactory as those of the National Life-Boat Institution. Its funds seem to be expended economically, among the best class of Englishmen, and for the noblest purposes. As to the care taken to provide for the safety of those who volunteer for this most dangerous service, we need no stronger proof than the fact that though life-boats were launched last year no less than 928 times, "not a single fatal accident or serious casualty of any description," took place. I am afraid this has not been the case this year, though through no want of foresight. As I sit at my window by the sea to-day there lies before me a great ship, the crew of which, I am told, were saved some months ago, but with a loss of two of the brave men who went to her rescue. Her three masts stand high above the summer sea, and even her deck is visible. "Her timbers yet are sound, and she shall float again," was prophesied of her; but that will never be. There has been a consultation of marine physicians upon her situation, and two lighters have been in constant attendance upon her for weeks. But she is full of swelled grain (which certainly sounds unwholesome); and though very pleasantly situated (on a sand bank), her case is hopeless. She is "settling down," but not in the way which that comfortable phrase usually implies. The sunlit waves are kissing her in the most affectionate manner; they have fallen in love with her, and mean to keep her. But their first wooing of her was rude indeed. Poets have exhausted the rhyming dictionary in making eulogistic epithets for the sea, but the simple fact is that she is a mercenary and treacherous syren, charming to look at from a distance, but not to be trusted even so far as you can see her. Give her rope enough, and see what happens. (I always prefer, in dealing with her, to have the rope myself, and one end of it tied to the shore.) To-day she is a wanton; to-morrow she is a termagant, a passionate, white-lipped fury. And there is nothing, when in that humour, she hates like life-boats. Five hundred and seventy-four human lives were snatched by them from her rapacious maw last year. Fifty-nine new boats have been added to that gallant fleet during the same period; and not one of them before it was wanted. The expenditure of the institution has been unprecedented—nearly £75,000; but not a pound has been thrown away. Its affairs are conducted upon quite other principles than those of our Army and Navy estimates; money's worth is got for the money. Its receipts, however, have been only £57,000. Even in a year of great depression this surely ought not have happened. A demand, and a just one, is being made for funds for our Navy; ought not the appeal of our salvation fleet to be also responded to by the greatest maritime nation in the world?

THE COURT.

Her Majesty's birthday was officially celebrated on Saturday, June 2. The picturesque ceremony of trooping the colours on the Horse Guards' Parade was witnessed by a large and brilliant assembly, which included the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Teck and their daughters. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge took part in the manoeuvres. Royal salutes were fired in St. James's Park and at the Tower, the Royal Standard was hoisted on the public buildings, and a holiday was observed in the Government establishments and in the Law Courts. Banquets were given in the evening by all the principal Ministers and officers of State; and during the evening the West-End streets were crowded with people to see the illuminations at the clubs and other buildings. Many reviews and inspections of Volunteers were held, and in the provinces there were great rejoicings. Her Majesty signalled her birthday by making a large number of promotions in and appointments to the Orders of the Bath, the Star of India, the Indian Empire, and St. Michael and St. George. Mr. Mark Wilks Collett, Governor of the Bank of England, has had the honour of a baronetcy conferred upon him, and several knight-hoods are announced. Divine service was performed at Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning, June 3, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the Royal household. The Rev. A. Campbell officiated. In very fine, though cold, inhospitable weather, the hills snow-draped half way down, her Majesty drove through Braemar to Mar Lodge on the 4th. The Queen, who looked very well, occupied an open carriage drawn by four greys. Along with the Queen were Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princesses Louise and Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.

The Prince of Wales presided at the annual regimental dinner of the 10th (Prince of Wales's Own Royal) Hussars on May 31 at the Hôtel Métropole. Prince Albert Victor was likewise present. The Princess of Wales, accompanied by her three daughters, was present at the sixth concert of the Philharmonic Society at St. James's Hall. On June 1 the Prince and Princess dined with the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador and Countess Karolyi, at their residence in Belgrave-square. The Prince, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, was present at the annual Guard-Mounting Parade at the Horse Guards on Saturday, June 2, in celebration of her Majesty's birthday. The Princess, accompanied by the three Princesses, witnessed the parade from the Horse Guards. The Duke of Cambridge, Princess Mary Adelaide (Duchess of Teck), and Princess Victoria of Teck, the Duke and Duchess Paul of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and Prince Adolphus of Teck, lunched with the Prince and Princess. In the evening, the Prince dined with the Marquis of Salisbury, and Prince Albert Victor dined with the Right Hon. W. H. Smith. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Princesses Louise and Victoria, were present at the Marchioness of Salisbury's party at the Foreign Office. The officers of the Grenadier Guards presented to the Prince and Princess a silver statuette of a private of the regiment in the uniform of the year 1818, on the occasion of their Silver Wedding. On Sunday morning, June 3, the Prince and Princess, accompanied by their daughters, were present at Divine service. Prince Albert Victor returned to York. On Monday, June 4, the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at an afternoon performance at the Criterion Theatre in aid of the fund for the relief of the sufferers by the recent inundations in Germany. Their Royal Highnesses afterwards visited the Royal Albert Hall, where they witnessed the pupils of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls go through their calisthenics and marching exercises. The Princess presented, on behalf of the institution, the gold medal to Mabel Osmond for proficiency, and the silver medal to Agnes Stephenson for good conduct. Mr. Lowes Dickinson had the honour of submitting to the Prince and Princess his picture of Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala, as Constable of the Tower. The Prince, as President of the Executive Committee of the Frere Memorial Fund, unveiled the statue of the late Right Hon. Sir Bartle Frere, on the Thames Embankment, on June 5. His Royal Highness was accompanied by the Princess and Princesses Victoria and Maud. In the afternoon the Prince and Princess, with their three daughters, visited the Horse Show, at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington. In the evening the Prince was present at the annual regimental dinner of the Rifle Brigade (the Prince Consort's Own), General Sir Arthur Lawrence (Colonel Commandant) in the chair.—His Royal Highness, by command of the Queen, holds a levée at St. James's Palace, on behalf of her Majesty, on Friday, June 8.

A State Ball was given at Buckingham Palace on June 6.

The King of Sweden and Norway, travelling under the title of Count of Haga, left Bournemouth (where his Majesty had been staying at Crag Head with the Queen of Sweden for some days) on June 5 for the Grand Hotel, Trafalgar-square. Count Piper, the Swedish and Norwegian Minister, and the members of the Legation, met his Majesty at the railway station. On his route to London the King paid a visit to the Empress Eugénie at Farnborough. The Queen of Sweden arrived at the Grand Hotel later in the week. Their Majesties will leave England on their return to Stockholm early next week.

OPENING OF THE BARCELONA EXHIBITION.

His Majesty King Alfonso XIII. of Spain, who is two years old, and suffers, we regret to say, from teething, was seated in a huge arm-chair of red velvet, surmounted by a Royal crown. He was attired in white muslin and lace, and wore a great round hat, adorned with a plume of feathers; he held the hand of his nurse, a fine Asturian woman, in red satin, with a red kerchief about her head, standing beside the King's chair. At the other side, to the left of his Majesty, sat his Royal mamma, the Queen Regent of Spain, dressed in black silk, embroidered with gold and silver, with a hat of gold filigree. The King's two elder sisters, the Princess of Asturias, aged eight, and the Infanta Maria Theresa, who is five, in white dresses, sat on cushions at his Majesty's feet. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke of Genoa, and Prince Rudolf of Bavaria were seated with the Royal party. The Alcalde, or Mayor, of Barcelona read a loyal address to their Majesties the King and the Queen Regent concerning the Exhibition, of which we gave some account last week.

The Jubilee memorial clock-tower at Gravesend was inaugurated on June 4 by the Mayor, Mr. Henry Berkowitz.

The annual inspection of her Majesty's Body-Guard of Yeomen of the Guard took place on June 4 in the garden of St. James's Palace. The inspection was made by the Earl of Kintore, the Captain, and the following officers of the corps were present:—Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Arthur Need (the Lieutenant), Colonel the Hon. W. J. Colville (the Esquire), Lieutenant-Colonel Patterson, Colonel Sir Francis Morley, K.C.B., and Major Ellison (the Exons), and Lieutenant-Colonel F. Baring (the Clerk of the Cheque and Adjutant). The Captain highly complimented this distinguished corps on their appearance and service.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The little Royalty Theatre, destined to be governed by clever women from the day it was opened under Miss Kelly's management long years ago, is at present directed by Miss Calhoun, a young American actress of personal charm and conspicuous intelligence. The fair successor of Mrs. Selby, Miss M. Oliver, Miss Lawler, Miss Santley, and many more, has started her career with a succession of scenes from Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" arranged in dramatic form. The result is scarcely a play in the ordinary sense, as the interest is purely episodic; but both the Hon. Stephen Coleridge and Mr. Norman Forbes have done their work well, and have nicely fitted the various actors and actresses intrusted with Hawthorne's created characters. For instance, Miss Calhoun herself, who gave such promise at the Haymarket Theatre when under the management of the Bancrofts, makes a very interesting Hester Prynne, the true-hearted woman who conceals the name of the author of her shame, who suffers in silence, lives down reproach, endures moral torture without complaint, and is eventually absolved and pardoned for her transgressions. Miss Calhoun is tender, dignified, impressive, and earnest. She neither overacts nor underacts; and she makes a beautiful picture when standing in the pillory with her infant in her arms, or when administering loving comfort to the soul-tortured Arthur Dimmesdale. No better choice could have been made for this calm and repentant clergyman than Mr. Forbes Robertson, one of the few really imaginative-actors now on the stage. He has just the face, just the voice, just the manner for the young Puritan who has to suffer in silence whilst the victim of his wickedness bears the sorry burden of their common sin. It is curious that after what was said the other day on the subject of "happy endings" to plays, that suddenly an audience should turn round and insist upon a melancholy one. There is only one legitimate and artistic ending to the "Scarlet Letter," and that is the conclusion arrived at by its author. A study in psychology of this kind is not to be trifled with. The work is a classic. Everyone knows that the Puritan clergyman goes bravely to his death, and in all probability it is because of the mere sadness of the story that hitherto the subject has frightened away the adaptor. Messrs. Coleridge and Norman Forbes think to get over the difficulty by giving the story a "happy ending," and by providing the heroine with a sentimental theatrical part; but they forget that they degrade thereby the character of the hero, and unnecessarily offend the many admirers of Hawthorne's grim story. On the occasion of the first representation, the audience resented a happy ending to an accepted tragedy; and it would be curious to learn how far subsequent audiences have indorsed or combated the scheme of the new "Scarlet Letter." Mr. Norman Forbes is not physically strong enough for the character of Roger Chillingworth. It is an intelligent performance; but it wants weight, voice, manner, and solemnity. One wonders, when this play is seen, why the subject has never been treated for Henry Irving and Ellen Terry. Irving would make an ideal Chillingworth; and what prettier Hester could be found than Miss Terry? With George Alexander for Dimmesdale, and the cast is complete at the Lyceum. It has often been remarked, when thinking over casts that are appropriate or inappropriate to existing plays, how managers sometimes neglect to remember the good actors who remain in the background when their services might well be called into requisition. There was a weak spot in the casting of "Ben-my-Chree"—the old Bishop. There is a second weak spot in the "Scarlet Letter"—the vindictive husband. And yet, surely, there is an available actor exactly suited to both characters: we mean Mr. Arthur Stirling, whose Friar Lawrence in "Romeo and Juliet" is the best now to be seen, and who gives us some of the dignity of the old school, which is so much wanted now to counteract the shallowness and frivolity of the new. And yet the services of Arthur Stirling have, comparatively speaking, been slightly used since he succeeded so well as the terrible persecutor of the injured Leah.

There is luck in odd numbers. Another change has been made in "Mr. Barnes of New York" at the Olympic, and, probably, the best Marita has been found in Miss Sophie Eyre—the best, that is to say, in the sense that she tries to realise the Corsican girl as contrasted with Englishmen and Englishwomen that surround her. It looks so odd to see Mr. Willard as a Corsican gentleman with a foreign face and foreign accent, whilst by his side is a Corsican girl, who, to all outward appearance, is as English as any rosy girl stepping out on to the lawn of a Devonshire rectory. Marita should be dark, bright-eyed, handsome—in fact, with some Corsican blood in her veins, not an apple-cheeked, fair-haired child of Albion. Miss Sophie Eyre gives the play the exact contrast that it requires, and plays the character with nervous force and sustained power.

Playgoers will regret to hear that their favourite actress, Mrs. Bernard Beere, who has been working desperately hard of late with trying, tearing death-scenes, with morning performances, matinées, recitations, and everything that could try the most energetic system, has been suffering lately from loss of voice, and has been earnestly recommended to take a long rest this summer. This popular lady is, however, well enough to appear as Peg Woffington in "Masks and Faces"; but she will not be able to produce another new play this season at the Opera Comique. A sea-voyage and change of air will, no doubt, restore tone and power to the magnificent voice that has been strained by energy and overwork.

Recent matinées have not enriched dramatic literature with many good plays. Mr. Walter Frith exhibited at the St. James's a cleverly-written drama, "In the Olden Time," that contained many good suggestions for a play; but it would require several alterations before it could be safely started on a public career.

Mr. J. H. Leigh gave a dramatic recital on June 2 at Steinway Hall.

The first meet of the Four-in-Hand Club took place on June 6, at the Magazine, Hyde Park.

Presiding at the annual meeting of the Volunteer Forces Benevolent Association, on June 5, the Duke of Cambridge confessed to a feeling of disappointment that in the three years of the existence of the institution they had only been able to invest £600. He urged on Volunteers throughout the country to give more extensive support to a fund which might be of great benefit to members of the forces who had fallen into misfortune.

The fifty-first annual festival dinner of the Journeymen Tailors' Benevolent Institution took place on June 5 at the Holborn Restaurant, Major H. D. Davies, Sheriff of London and Middlesex, in the chair. In proposing "The Journeymen Tailors' Benevolent Institution," the chairman observed that there were one or two important facts which he should like to mention. He found, on inquiry, that nearly all the pensioners belonged to the West-End. Another important fact was that the institution aided applicants of all creeds and nations. The chairman concluded his remarks by impressing on those present the necessity of increasing its funds. During the evening subscriptions amounting to £846 were announced.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, June 5.
Boulanger has had his first wrestle with the Chamber of Deputies, and the Deputies flogged him, stamped upon him, and flagellated him with scoffs and irony. Boulanger yesterday stood in the tribune for one hour and a half, smiling, conceited, pedantic, and somewhat ridiculous. He laid on the table a Bill for the revision of the Constitution, demanded urgency, and supported his demand by a grotesque résumé of the basest dictatorial doctrines, and of a theory of the most abject personal power. Almost every phrase was interrupted by the howls and jeers of the Chamber, and Floquet was almost carried in triumph when he descended from the tribune after his stinging peroration against this neo-Cæsarian manifesto. "Boulanger's chief idea," he said, "is to strengthen the executive power, because he considers assemblies powerless and the people a child. These doctrines appeared at the end of the French Revolution, after our great struggles for liberty; with Bonaparte, escorted also by a few misguided Republicans; and, later, with the second Bonaparte. But we need not be alarmed: at your age, Monsieur le Général Boulanger, Napoleon was dead, and you will be only the Sicyos of a still-born Constitution." The battle ended by the refusal of urgency by 377 against 186, and Floquet's speech will be posted up in all the Communes of France.

Boulanger has certainly received a severe blow, but we cannot guarantee that he has quite lost the game until we see what happens at the forthcoming election in the Charente, on June 17. The minority that voted for him yesterday comprised 159 Conservatives and 22 Republicans.

The French remain all their lives schoolboys in certain matters, especially in their love of ribbons, medals, and crowns. From the philosopher of genius like Renan down to the leader of the village philharmonic, all have their share. Of all Frenchmen the painters are the most "decorated," and this is not astonishing, since they "decorate" each other. Unfortunately, the painters are not absolutely impartial. This year, for instance, they have shocked the public by giving the Medal of Honour, the most envied distinction of the Salon, to Detaille, whose picture, "Le Rêve," is the work of a very second-rate man compared with artists like Benjamin Constant and Henner. Public opinion had given the medal to Benjamin Constant; jealousy, rancour, and spirit of cotery gave it to Detaille. Hence a scandal. This year the American exhibitors in the Salon obtained six third-class medals. Amongst the English exhibitors, the painter Middleton Jameson, and the sculptor Onslow Ford, obtained honourable mentions. In all 415 foreign painters exhibit in the present Salon.

The summer, so slow to come, is now making up for lost time by excessive heat and brilliant sunshine. Thanks to cloudless sky, the Auteuil race-meeting on Sunday was one of the most brilliant on record; the display of toilettes was marvellous; the gate-money amounted to 156,966f.; and the operations of the "pari mutuel," or "mutual pools"—the only kind of public betting now allowed—exceeded £40,000. The Grand Steeplechase was won by M. R. Moncrieffe's Parasang, an outsider, who started at 30 to 1, and came in first, to everybody's surprise. The "pari mutuel," at 10f., gave 606f. 50c. to the holder of a Parasang ticket.

Recent inquiries have shown that there are between 4500 and 5000 professional beggars in Paris, of whom very few are nomad. The number of beggars, it appears, has been diminishing during the past ten years, and continues to diminish rapidly.—A city ambulance service was inaugurated in Paris last week with alarm-posts all over the city.—The Queen's Birthday was celebrated at the British Embassy by a dinner and reception, to which some members of the English colony were invited.—In reference to the representations of Bismarck and others to the effect that Paris is a cut-throat place, where foreigners cannot live safely, it may be remarked that there are 30,000 Germans resident in Paris, and more than 2000 Germans who receive relief from the Assistance Publique.—The new rooms at the Louvre, containing the objects discovered by M. and Madame Dieulafoy, in Susiana, will be opened to the public this week. The most interesting pieces are two large enamelled friezes from the palace of Artaxerxes, representing the archers described in the seventh book of Herodotus.—The new spectacle at the Hippodrome is called "Skobeleff" and represents Plevna and St. Petersburg. The costumes are most interesting, and the music very novel and charming.

T. C.

The third International Art Exhibition at Munich was formally opened on June 1 by the Prince Regent in the presence of the members of the Royal family, the State dignitaries, the Diplomatic Body, the leading authorities, the members of the Academy of Art, the University, and Polytechnic, and a number of distinguished visitors.

The opening of the very interesting Italian section of the Brussels Exhibition took place on June 3.

The Bill for abolishing hanging and substituting death by electricity as a capital punishment has been signed by the Governor of New York State. On June 4 the "Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company" of Boston celebrated its 250th anniversary with great ceremony. Letters from the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Portland were read.

On June 2 15,000 people assembled at Sydney, New South Wales, to witness the first match played in Australia proper by the English football team. Their opponents were Fifteen of New South Wales. The Englishmen had it all their own way.

The South Australian Parliament was opened on May 31. The Governor in his speech congratulated the members upon the improved condition of affairs in the colony.

The Tasmanian Treasurer introduced the Budget in the House of Assembly on June 1. The deficiency is estimated at £170,000; in December last it was £182,000. It is proposed to levy a new tax of 3d. on real and personal estate, the yield thereby produced being estimated at £72,000. Finally, a new loan of £1,500,000 is announced.

Sir H. A. Atkinson, Premier and Colonial Treasurer, has introduced the New Zealand Budget for the year 1888-9. The Minister stated that the expenditure for the past year exceeded the revenue by £382,000, which amount, added to the deficit in the preceding year, made a total deficit for the two years of £528,000. The reductions effected in the public expenditure amounted to £233,000.

The Rev. George Orange Balleine, of Oxford, a native of Jersey, has been appointed Dean of Jersey, and Ecclesiastical Judge, succeeding the late Dean Le Breton.

The Lord Mayors of London and Dublin, in the presence of a large and fashionable company, opened the Irish Exhibition at Olympia, on June 4. It was pointed out by Lord Arthur Hill, M.P., in his admirable address, that this was the first Irish Exhibition ever held in London, and it was hoped that the effect upon Irish manufactures would be highly beneficial. When this comprehensive exhibition of Irish art and Irish industry, of Irish castles and Irish villages is completed, it will be time to describe it.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Prime Minister and his colleagues in the House of Lords looked so sunny, robust, and so well, and in such bright good-humour, when they reassembled, after the Whitsuntide Recess, on the first Monday in June, that the noble Marquis might well feel inclined with a light heart to tackle even so difficult a question as the constitution of the House itself. At any rate, the next day Lord Salisbury gave notice of the Government measure of reform in this direction; and it is highly probable that the Premier will succeed, where nebulous Lord Rosebery and Lord Dunraven failed.

The Fourth of June—delightful on the river at Eton—was such a melting Monday that the white waistcoats of Lord Cross and Lord Kimberley looked coolingly appropriate. The smiles of Lord Salisbury and Lord Cranbrook were reflected on the beaming faces of Earl Granville and Lord Herschell (who is so dextrously probing the wounds of the Metropolitan Board of Works). The Duke of Argyll signalled his welcome reappearance in the House (not without a stick, though) by making himself at home on the Ministerial bench; and the Earl of Rosebery, shortly after, in a manner followed suit by crossing the floor to hold a consultation with a Minister. The ecclesiastical cooing of the Bishop of Rochester on the Rochester Bishopric Bill, and the genial whisperings of the Primate with the Lord Chancellor on the woolsock, helped to pass away smoothly and agreeably enough the fifty minutes' sitting. The most important matter referred to on the following day was the position of affairs in South Africa, where, as Lord Knutsford informed Lord Kimberley, treaties of a satisfactory nature have been concluded with Lo Bengula, Chief of the Amandebele tribe, and with his tributaries, Mashuna and Makakalaka; and where Sir A. Havelock has been instructed to take prompt measures to put down the rising of Dinizulu and Undabuko in Zululand.

Mr. Peel was, happily, well enough to resume the Speaker's chair when the Commons met after the Whitsuntide holidays on the Thirty-first of May. It was found that a slight alteration had been made in the public gallery, the division between the Speaker's and Strangers' galleries having been removed, and both having been thrown into one. Entrance to this rearranged gallery being now entirely by way of the staircase in the Octagon Hall, the occasional overcrowding should now be avoided in the Inner Lobby, where Lord Arthur Hill, notwithstanding his assiduous supervision and direction of the Irish Exhibition at Olympia, was true to his trust as one of the vigilant "whips" of the Conservative Party.

The Commons had no sooner met than Mr. W. H. Smith bade them "stand and deliver" in Committee of Supply. Hon. members, by the absence of the great majority, are only too ready, as a rule, to signify willingness to surrender millions of the public money at discretion. This easy compliance with Government demands is ever taken exception to by Mr. Labouchere, who, with quiet nonchalance, abides his time in his seat on the front Opposition bench below the gangway until the moment comes to vivaciously attack the Government. As Champion of Economy, the hon. member protested against the Souakim estimate, which Sir J. Fergusson defended on the score of the occupation of the port enabling us to suppress the slave trade in that quarter. Quitting the Sudan for Europe, Mr. Labouchere entered a lively protest against the Ministerial attempt to boycott the French Exhibition, but only to elicit from Mr. Smith an earnest declaration that England regarded both France and Germany as friendly allies. As is almost invariably the case, Ministers obtained all the votes they required both on the reopening night and on the following evening.

Not "more scandal about Queen Elizabeth," but a by-the-way reference by Mr. Smith to her Elizabethan Majesty's inquisitiveness as to the presence of alluvial gold in Scotland made the House laugh comely at question-time on the Fourth of June. Good-humour was further promoted in the Gladstonian and Home-Rule ranks by the appearance of Mr. T. A. Dickson as member for the St. Stephen's-green division of Dublin in place of the late Mr. Dwyer Gray, and by the approach to the table, under the goodly escort of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. H. Gardner, of Mr. Evans, chosen for Southampton in place of Admiral Sir J. Comberrell.

It was in a thin House on the Fourth of June that, with Mr. Gladstone and Mr. John Morley chatting on the front Opposition bench, debate was resumed on the motion—

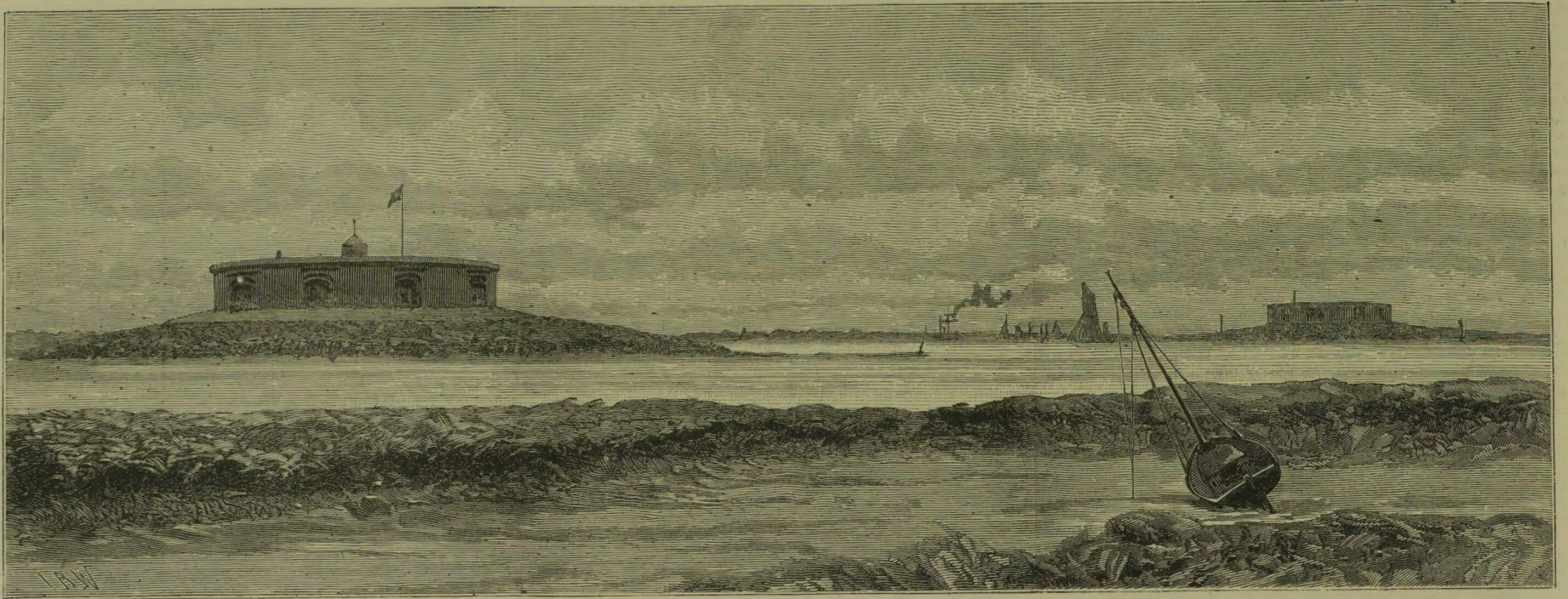
That it is expedient to authorise the issue, out of the Consolidated Fund, of such sums, not exceeding £2,600,000, as may be required for the defence of certain ports and coaling stations, and making further provisions for Imperial defence.

Whilst Lord George Hamilton listened with more or less coolness, on the Treasury bench, to the pessimist views of Captain Price and the optimist opinion of Mr. C. Wilson, and winced not at the flank attack of Major Rasch, it was observed that Lord Charles Beresford and Mr. Hanbury, faithful henchman of Lord Randolph Churchill, could not hide their gleeful satisfaction at the trenchant charges of the hon. and gallant Major. Once again Lord Charles Beresford rose from his seat above Ministers to roundly rate his late colleagues for the inefficient state of our inadequate Navy; and once again the First Lord of the Admiralty rose to set his face against the noble Lord's "sensational agitation" on this point. The House had to hearken unto another example of Mr. Labouchere's criticism, and to the views of a number of naval and military experts, ere Mr. E. Stanhope could find his opportunity to answer them. In the end, the Government gained their vote by a majority of 81. Mr. Smith then beseeched the House to resolve that after 1894 the Treasury dividends on Suez Canal shares should "be applied in paying the principal of the amount borrowed"—a proposition Mr. Bradlaugh and others energetically opposed, but Mr. Goschen cleverly defended.

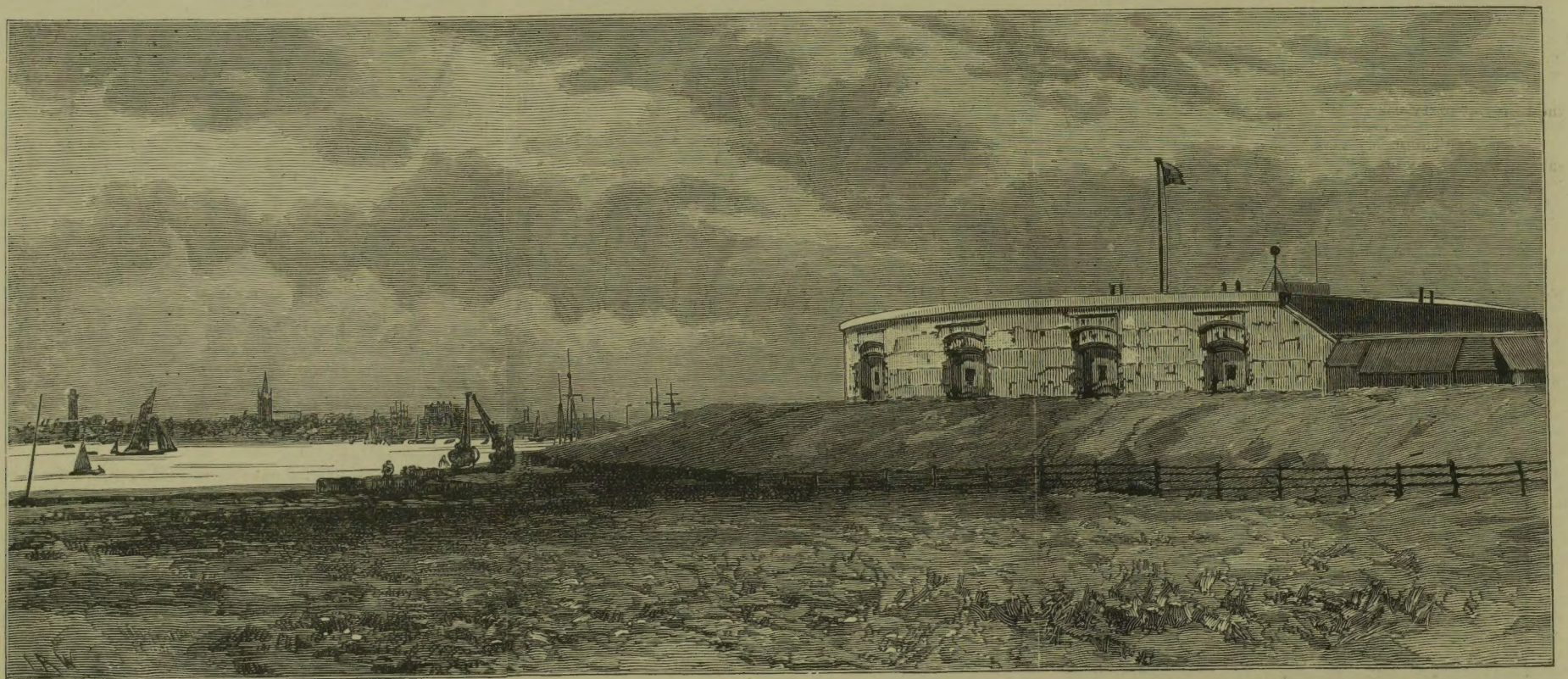
The Compensation Clause of the Ministerial licensing plan is the Government's "rock ahead." On this knotty point Mr. Ritchie has dextrously evaded "heckling," reserving himself for Committee on the County Government Bill he introduced so ably. With respect to the projected tax on French bottled wines, Mr. Goschen on the Fifth of June explained that the five shillings per dozen bottles would be confined to sparkling wines; the duty being reduced to two shillings on wines of less than thirty shillings a dozen. Some warmth was shown in a discussion on Mr. Joseph Nolan's introduction of alleged dynamitards as visitors to the House; Sir George Trevelyan, among others, emphatically objecting to the repetition of such charges in the House. The police, it may be added, now exercise the greatest precautions in guarding the Houses of Parliament; the most experienced officers being wisely retained for this responsible duty.

At Willis's Rooms, on June 5, the members of the Liberal Union Club entertained Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P., at a banquet, over which the Marquis of Hartington presided.

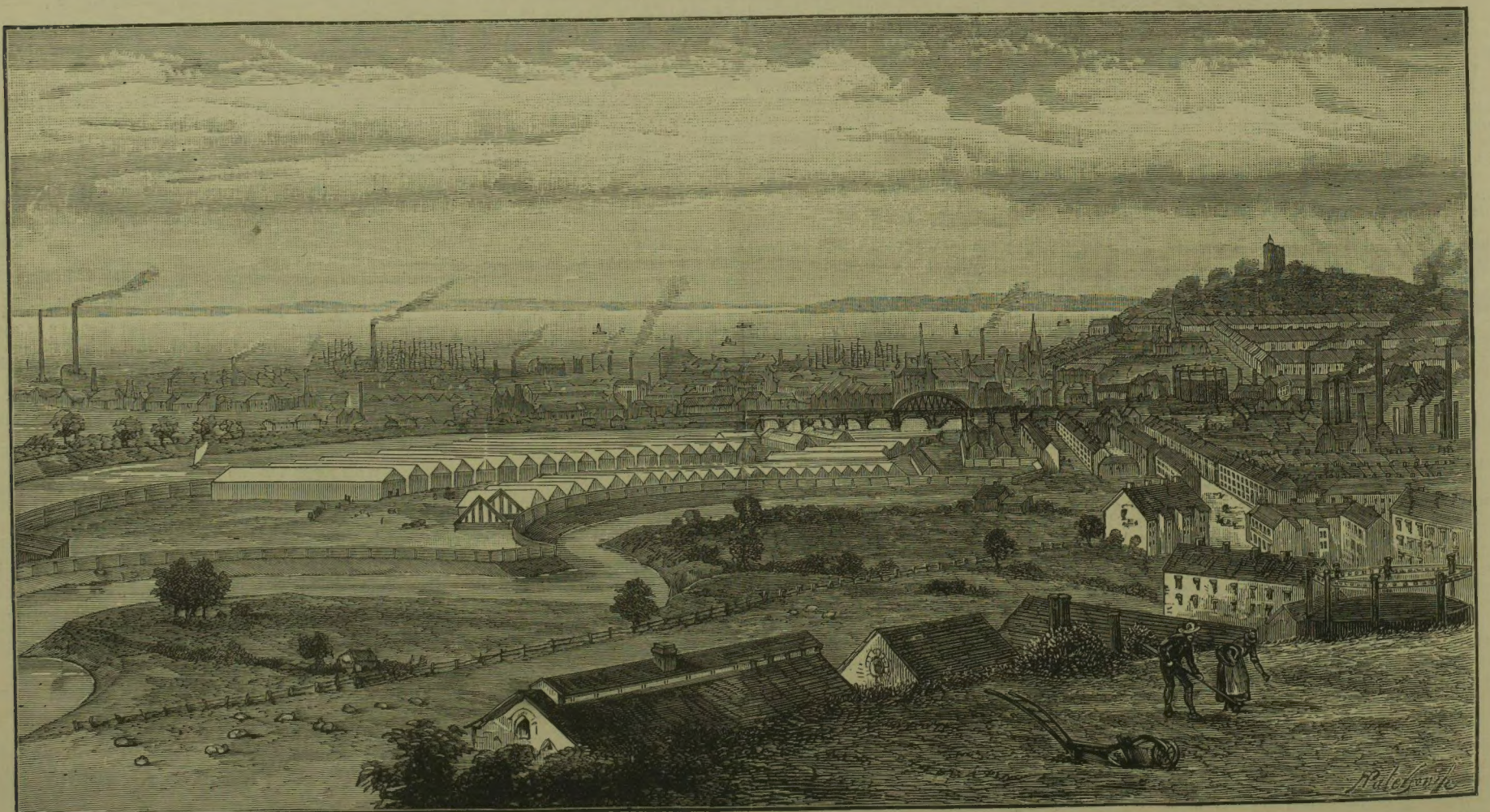
The unveiling of the memorial to the War Correspondents who lost their lives in the Sudan will take place in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral on June 16. As the Dean and Chapter object to any ceremony Lord Wolseley will simply perform the act of unveiling.



HOO AND DARNETT FORTS, ON THE MEDWAY.



LANDGUARD FORT, AND ENTRANCE TO HARWICH HARBOUR.
O U R C O A S T D E F E N C E S .



NEWPORT, MONMOUTHSHIRE, WITH SHOWYARD OF THE BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

His Majesty King Oscar II., now visiting England, is the fourth Sovereign of the Royal family which was established, in 1810, by the election of the French Marshal Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo, one of Napoleon's Generals, who reigned long after Napoleon's overthrow, as King Charles XIV., until his death in 1844, and who was succeeded by his only son, King Oscar I. The latter, who died in 1859, left two sons—namely, the late King Charles XV., who reigned till 1872, and left no children; and Oscar, the present King, who was born Jan. 22, 1829; his mother, Queen Josephine, was a daughter of Prince Eugène of Leuchtenberg. His Majesty is married to Queen Sophia, daughter of the late Duke Wilhelm of Nassau, and has four sons, the eldest of whom, the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, was born in 1858, and is married to a daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden; the second, Prince Oscar, recently married, at Bournemouth, a Swedish young lady, Miss Ebba Munck, under circumstances of much interest, which were noticed at the time.

The Portrait of his Majesty is from a photograph by Madame Selma Jacobsohn, of Stockholm.



HIS MAJESTY OSCAR II., KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

THE EMPEROR'S VOYAGE TO POTSDAM.

The river Spree, on the banks of which the city of Berlin is built, and which flows westward by Charlottenburg, is joined by the Havel, the river of Potsdam, which town is distant sixteen miles from Berlin. His Majesty the Emperor Frederick, whose invalid condition made an easy mode of conveyance desirable, was thus enabled to go by water from Charlottenburg to Potsdam, where he and the Empress have taken up their abode in Schloss Friedrichskron, in the Wildpark, the birthplace of the Emperor and his favourite country residence. This short voyage was successfully performed on Friday, June 1, in the Royal steam-yacht Alexander, under the command of the Crown Prince, who wore a naval uniform. At eleven o'clock, the Emperor, in an undress uniform, with cloak and cap, drove in his pony carriage to the banks of the Spree, in the park of Charlottenburg. He was there accompanied by the Empress, the Crown Prince, Sir Morell Mackenzie, Dr. Hovell, and his Aide-de-Camp, Colonel Von Brösigle, and at once went on board the yacht. From an early hour, the opposite bank of the Spree had been covered with thousands of spectators, who greeted the Emperor with much enthusiasm, and when the Alexander hoisted the Imperial standard and steamed away, the multitude broke through the line of policemen and mounted gendarmes, and followed the yacht as far as possible, with continuous cheering.

The Crown Princess was not on board the yacht; but as the Imperial party passed the Marble Palace, where she and her family now reside, she was out on the balcony with her sons, the two eldest of whom were in Hussar uniforms, to salute them. Spandau and Potsdam were decorated from end to end, and hung with flags. The banks were crowded to the water's edge, and, though special steamers led the way and tried to keep a course clear, the river and lakes were covered with small boats filled with enthusiastic people.

The Imperial party landed about one o'clock at the Glienicke Bridge, Potsdam, which was gaily decorated, and at once started for Friedrichskron, which was reached without incident. The Hereditary Princess of Meiningen, and Princesses Victoria and Margaret, accompanied by Countess Perponcher and Baron Reischach, left Charlottenburg by the road through the Grünewald, and were waiting for their parents at the bridge.

NEWPORT, MONMOUTHSHIRE.

The Bath and West of England Agricultural Society, of which Lord Tredegar is president this year, opened its show on Wednesday, June 6, at Newport, the chief town of Monmouthshire; the show would remain open till the following Monday. Its site is in the marshes, between the railway bridge over the Usk and the end of the narrow peninsula called the Bellman's Acre. In our View of Newport, a town of some historical interest, now with 50,000 inhabitants and a flourishing trade, the church of the parish is seen on the eminence to the right. Beneath it are the slender spire of the Wesleyan Chapel, the Catholic Church, the Corn Exchange, and the Pentonville Gas Works. To the left of these is the lofty clock-tower which surmounts the Townhall. Under this is the railway bridge, supported by upright piers, beneath which are seen the semicircular arches of "Newport Bridge." To the right of the bridges is Newport Castle; beyond to the left, are the masts of ships in the Alexandra Docks. In the left foreground are the extensive levels now covered with the timber sheds erected for the Agricultural Show. Beyond the town extend the gleaming waters of the Bristol Channel or the Severn Sea. In the far distance, the Somersetshire hills are seen, with the nearer promontory of Penarth, near Cardiff.

OUR COAST DEFENCES: THE MEDWAY AND HARWICH.

The Medway, which is entered from the wide Thames inlet of the sea at Sheerness, a little above the Nore, is of considerable importance to the military defence of London; while it contains also the great naval dockyard of Chatham, in which our ships of war are mostly fitted with their complete equipment and armament for active service. On the opposite coast of Essex, outside the Thames waters, from Southend up to Colchester, is a vulnerable part of England. Farther on, the port of Harwich, the North Sea port of London, giving access to a large tract of country which is comparatively destitute of military defences, requires to be protected. All this concerns, more or less, the safety of the metropolis, which could be assailed from the east, by a hostile landing army, with fewer apparent obstacles, in view of the natural features of the country, than from the Sussex coast.

If we have not yet made the entrance to the Medway absolutely impregnable, we ought to be reminded, again and again, how, in 1667, they were forced by an enemy's fleet, which destroyed Sheerness, burnt our ships, captured stores and guns, and sailed up towards Chatham, as far as Upnor Castle, and could easily have landed an army, if it had carried troops on board, within thirty-two miles of London. The Hoo and Darnett forts, situated about five miles below Chatham, are represented in our Artist's Sketches. Those at Borstal are so incomplete as not to be worth illustrating. It might be indiscreet to give particulars of the number and efficiency of the guns at present mounted on our fortifications; and we can never be sure that some of them, such as they are, may not be taken away, like those of Coalhouse Fort, on the Thames, to put on board some ship of the Royal Navy which is unprovided with guns. It is rather strange that England, the greatest steel-manufacturing nation in the world, should possess not half or a quarter the guns needed for her own service, while making them continually for the use of foreign nations.

Harwich, seventy-two miles from London, with a spacious harbour formed by the joint estuary of the Stour and the Orwell, though now the peaceful door of traffic and travel to Holland, witnessed in 1666, like Sheerness the year after, a Dutch fleet threatening the English shores. This ancient borough town and seaport, to which the Great Eastern Railway and local improvements have given vastly increased commercial importance, might possibly, in case of our being ever allied with Germany in a Continental war, afford the readiest means of military communication. It cannot yet be regarded as secure against attack by an enemy whose naval squadron could slip northward past the Straits of Dover. The harbour entrance is commanded by Landguard Fort, on a spit of sand projecting from the Suffolk coast opposite to Harwich, and by the Angel Gate battery and a redoubt near Beacon Hill, adjacent to the Esplanade. We have noticed, among the recommendations of the War Office Committee, that the needful defences of Harwich are in the mind of the Government, and we trust they will not be neglected.

Admiral Sir Reginald Macdonald, K.C.B., has been awarded the Flag Officer's Good-Service Pension of £300 a year, which recently became vacant by the death of Vice-Admiral Sir W. N. W. Hewett, V.C.

At a recent meeting of the Restoration Committee of St. Michael's, Coventry, it was reported that the subscriptions promised amounted to £32,442, including £10,000 from Mr. G. Woodcock, and that the expenditure had been £27,440.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S VOYAGE FROM CHARLOTTENBURG TO POTSDAM.

FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Mr. Augustus Harris's first season at this establishment has now just completed its fourth week. Since our last record, "Lucia di Lammermoor" has been repeated, with the character of the heroine again sustained by Madame Melba, whose very successful début in the same part, on May 24, has been noticed by us. Another repetition was that of "Le Nozze di Figaro," with the same excellent cast as before, and without the ill-judged interpolation of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" as on the previous occasion.

The next performance was that of Saturday, June 2, when "Il Trovatore" was given, with the début of Mlle. Marguerite Martini as Leonora. The débutante has the advantages of a pleasing appearance and a voice of good quality and sufficient power; a slight degree of tremolo having, doubtless, been owing to the natural nervousness of a first appearance. The lady made a decidedly favourable impression in the earlier portions of the opera, which was enhanced in the subsequent more intense situations. Mlle. Martini should prove a serviceable addition to the company. The occasion included the first appearance this season of Madame Scalchi, who, as Azucena, repeated a meritorious performance that has been familiar for many seasons. The cast of "Il Trovatore" included the very efficient performances of Signori Ravelli and D'Andrade respectively as Manrico and the Count Di Luna—and of others in subordinate characters.

Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" was produced on Monday, June 4. This posthumous work was first brought out at Paris in 1865; its earliest production in an Italian version having been at our Royal Italian Opera-House in July of the same year. It contains much highly dramatic music, especially in the more declamatory passages; but, effective as is the opera generally, it would, unquestionably, have gained had Meyerbeer lived to exercise that laborious, and even fastidious, revision which he bestowed on his other stage works. In the recent performance now referred to, the character of Selika, the captive Indian Queen (so often associated with the admirable performances of Madame Pauline Lucca) was sustained by Madame Nordica, who sang the music with good effect, especially in the prison-scene—and was, perhaps, altogether, more successful vocally than dramatically. The secondary, but still important, character of Inez was assigned to Miss Macintyre, whose successful début we have recently recorded. In the opening scene of "L'Africaine" and in the second finale the lady made a distinct impression. Her vocal merits are already high, and she has evident dramatic capabilities, which time will surely further develop. The music of Vasco di Gama and the dramatic aspect of the part were admirably realised throughout by M. Jean De Reszke, and the same may be said of M. E. De Reszke's performance as the stern Don Pedro, and that of M. Lassalle as the chivalrous savage, Nelusko. Nothing could transcend the vocal and dramatic excellence of the three representations just specified. Subordinate characters were adequately filled, the stage effects were mostly worthy of the occasion, as were the orchestral and choral performances. Signor Mancinelli conducted, "Il Trovatore" having been directed by Mr. Randegger.

For Monday, June 11, a morning concert is announced to be given at St. James's Hall, supported by members of the Royal Italian Opera company.

The sixth concert of the Philharmonic Society's present season, at St. James's Hall, occurred too late (on May 31) for more than our past brief mention of the fact. The occasion included two prominent specialties—the first public appearance in England of Herr Johan Svendsen, the eminent Norwegian composer, who conducted his symphony in D and other items, and the first appearance at these concerts of Mr. R. Hollins, the blind pianist. The symphony is bright and fluent in style and treatment, and contains some richly-varied orchestral writing. The "scherzo" pleased especially, and was encored. The work had before been heard in London and commented on. We have had previous occasion to remark on the excellent performances of Mr. Hollins, both as a brilliant executant and an intelligent interpreter of classical music, his recent successes in America having given fresh proof of those exceptional powers, which are remarkable even without reference to the physical disability under which he labours. His rendering (on May 31) of the greatest of all pianoforte concertos—that by Beethoven in E flat, generally known as the "Emperor"—was highly artistic in style and spirited in execution. Mr. J. F. Barnett conducted his orchestral work, "A Pastoral Suite," an amplification of a pleasing piece entitled "Harvest Festival," composed for the Norwich Festival of 1881, and then noticed. The concert also included vocal solos contributed by Mrs. Hutchinson.

Another specialty—occurring too late for comment until now—was the first of the two farewell appearances of Madame Christine Nilsson at the Royal Albert Hall, on the same date as that of the sixth Philharmonic Concert. The great Swedish prima donna met with an enthusiastic reception, and sang with that brightness of voice and charm of style which are her well-known characteristics. In "Elsa's Dream" (from Wagner's "Lohengrin"), Handel's "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and the "Jewel-song" (from Gounod's "Faust"), Madame Nilsson repeated performances of the excellence of which requires no fresh comment. Supplementary pieces (given as encores) were Schubert's "Serenade" and Balfe's ballad "I dreamt that I dwelt"; besides which Madame Nilsson was associated with Madame Trebelli in the duet "La luna immobile" from Boito's "Mefistofele." The concert was also attractive in other respects, the vocal solos having been contributed to by Madame Trebelli, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. B. Foote, and Mr. Henschel; in contrast to which were a pianoforte solo cleverly executed by Miss Kuhe, and orchestral pieces effectively rendered by a full band conducted by Mr. W. G. Cusins.

Mr. and Mrs. Henschel's vocal recital at Prince's Hall on June 1 consisted, like their previous performances of the kind, of a well-contrasted selection of examples of different styles and periods, in which the accomplished vocalists were heard to special advantage, both singly and in association.

Señor Sarasate's fourth orchestral concert at St. James's Hall took place on Saturday afternoon, June 2, when the distinguished Spanish violinist played, with his usual brilliant effect, a cleverly-written concerto composed by Emile Bernard, a Scotch fantasia by Max Bruch, and the player's own solo, entitled "Muirneira." Orchestral pieces were, as usual, contributed by the band conducted by Mr. Cusins.

The Saturday afternoon concerts at the Royal Albert Hall have been efficiently carried on, the programme of that of June 2 having comprised the co-operation of several eminent solo vocalists, a choir of between 200 and 300 voices; Mr. John Thomas's harp performance having been a feature.

The fourth Richter Concert of the series took place at St. James's Hall on June 4, simultaneously with the production of "L'Africaine." Pressure on space precludes all but the briefest notice of the performances, which included a skilful execution by M. Marteau (a very young violinist) of Max Bruch's concerto, and the production of a new overture

to Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night," composed by Dr. Mackenzie: a bright and characteristic piece of orchestral writing which will certainly soon have to be spoken of again. A transcription for orchestra (by Felix Moul) of Liszt's legend, "St. Francis of Assisi Preaching to the Birds," was given for the first time here. It was originally a pianoforte piece, beloved of the admirers of Liszt. Other features of the concert require no mention.

Dr. Hans Von Bülow has begun his Beethoven Cycles at St. James's Hall with the first of four performances, the programme on this occasion having consisted of six of the solo sonatas and two sets of variations, in all of which the pianist's rare executive powers and individuality were manifested.

Another of Mr. De Lara's vocal recitals was announced to take place at Steinway Hall on June 4, when the very young vocalist, Mlle. Naudin, was to appear again; the following day having been appropriated to the concerts of Signorina Gambogi and Miss Hope Temple. Subsequent days of the week were occupied by Mlle. Victoria De Bunsen's morning concert (Scandinavian and miscellaneous) at 27, Harley-street, and that of M. Henri Loge (pianist), Mr. R. Stuart's Chopin recital, Mr. R. Blagrove's concertina matinée, the matinée of Mlle. De Lido (vocalist), and that of Mr. C. Gardner (an esteemed pianist and teacher). Miss Bertha Moore and Mr. Ernest Pertwee gave a vocal and dramatic recital at Marlborough Rooms on June 6.

A specialty of the current week—the public concert of Dr. Wyld's London Academy of Music, at St. James's Hall—occurred too late for present detailed comment. This educational establishment has for very many years pursued an active and successful career in the instruction of students in the various branches of vocal and instrumental performance and composition; eminent professors co-operating with the principal in the direction of the several departments of study. Of the performances by which these features were recently demonstrated mention must be made in our next issue.

Mr. W. G. Cusins's annual concert, at St. James's Hall, on June 7, was another important musical event occurring too late for present notice.

Misses Liza Lehmann and Lena Little (highly-esteemed vocalists) announced a vocal recital at Prince's Hall, on Friday evening, June 8.

The Westminster Orchestral Society recently announced its tenth concert at Westminster Townhall, with a good programme of vocal and instrumental music.

Mr. E. Bending's morning concert at the Royal Albert Hall was announced for June 9, with a varied programme, contributed to by eminent vocalists, and a band of between seventy and eighty performers.

A special event on June 13 will be the testimonial concert to Mr. Ambrose Austin at St. James's Hall, of which establishment he has for many years been the active, intelligent, and courteous manager in the administration of its arrangements for musical performances and other public occasions. We have already drawn attention to the concert, the attractions of which, combined with the purpose in which it originated, will doubtless ensure a large attendance.

Music has again come in for a share of Royal honours by the knighthood of Charles Hallé, the eminent pianist, and of Dr. John Stainer, who succeeded the late Sir John Goss as organist of St. Paul's Cathedral. Dr. Stainer has also distinguished himself by the composition of many excellent sacred works. The honour is, in each case, worthily bestowed.

The Grocers' Company have given £100 to the Young Women's Help Society, London Diocese.

The Lady Mayoress's receptions at the Mansion House were resumed on Tuesday; and will be continued on Tuesday, June 19, and on the first and third Tuesdays in July.

The London Scottish Rifles underwent their annual inspection on June 2, when the corps turned out 760 officers and men, in ten companies, under Colonel Lumsden.

Sir J. Whittaker Ellis has bought and presented to the Richmond Vestry the old Castle Hotel, Richmond, with grounds extending to the Thames.

The Grocers' Company has contributed £100, and the Mercers' Company £105, towards the support of the Royal National Hospital for Consumption in the Isle of Wight.

A new life-boat, the cost of which was defrayed by the late Mr. G. M. Wand, of Bradford, has been placed at Broadstairs, Kent.

From the report of the Astronomer Royal, which was presented to the Board of Visitors at Greenwich on June 2, it appears that over 5000 observations of stars and planets were made during the year.

The temperance organisations of London and the suburbs assembled on the Embankment on June 2, and marched in procession to Hyde Park, where meetings were held round ten platforms, and resolutions passed against the licensing clauses of the Local Government Bill.

On June 2 the annual horse show was opened at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington. The champion cup and medal for the best horse were awarded to Mr. Byass's Champion, and the first prize in the weight-carrying class (£25 and the red ribbon) to Mr. Joseph Shepherd's Brilliant. There was a large attendance on June 4, when the driving and leaping competitions excited considerable interest.

The Board of Trade have received, through the Foreign Office, a silver medal and diploma, which have been awarded by the French Government to Sampson Hooper, seaman of the British steam-ship Brighton, in recognition of his bravery in rescuing a child from drowning in the harbour of Dieppe on June 13, 1887.—The Board have also received a gold watch and a telescope, which have been respectively awarded by the Netherlands Government to Captain W. O. Hill, master, and Mr. Henry Rosser, second mate, of the barque Southesk, of Dundee, in recognition of their services to the crew of the Dutch sailing-vessel Sophia, which took fire at sea in the month of May, 1887.—The Board have awarded a binocular glass to Captain A. H. Kinsman, master of the barque King's County, of Windsor, N.S., in acknowledgment of his kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the steamer Exmore, of Ipswich, whom he picked up off Texel on June 4; and a binocular glass to Captain Luigi Garguilo, master of the Italian barque Rosalia, of Castellamare di Stabia, in recognition of his kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the barquentine Wanderer, of Leith, whom he picked up at sea on March 16 last.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

JUNE 9, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, Two-pence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, One Penny. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, Threepence; THIN EDITION, One Penny. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, Fourpence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, Three-halfpence.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

THE SUNDAY BIRD-FAIR.

Among the curious diversity of minor occupations, half industry and half idleness, favoured by an unattached portion of the London poorer classes not accustomed to regular work, is the capture of small birds in the country within two or three hours' walk, or to be reached by train, for a few pence, in less than half an hour. The Highgate woods, the pieces of woodland near Hampstead, and the neighbouring fields, are less productive than they used to be of this kind of sport; but still, at early morning, the net is often spread not wholly in vain for larks, thrushes, and linnets, which soon find their way, tied together on a stick and covered with a cloth, to a known market at the East-End. They are purchased, at so much the dozen, by jobbers who supply the keepers of birdshops with living, if not lively, tenants for those dreadful little cages, manufactured cheap, as we saw last week, by "the sweating system"; and are sold to gentle-minded persons, often to newly-married couples, who fancy that such an arrangement will add a new grace to their home, and help them to be innocently happy. Often, indeed, they are bought at the request of a kind mother, wishing to please her children. It matters little, in this case, whether the bird can ever sing, or to what species it may belong, or what may be its age or sex. The dealer is always ready to declare that it will sing like an angel; "he's only a bit shy."

ART MAGAZINES.

The *Magazine of Art* for June opens with a short paper by George Frederick Watts, R.A., in which the great allegorical painter points out the need for greater earnestness, and more exalted aim, in all the art work of the present day. Art, in its highest form, should appeal to the noblest faculties of man, and even in its lowest should cheer and amuse. Mr. Mortimer Menpes contributes a further account of his experiences among the artists of Japan, and records his intense admiration for the true artistic feeling which pervades all classes of Japanese society. Mr. Maurice Talmeyr describes the forest of Fontainebleau in summer, in terms which will surely send travellers thither before winter comes round again; this paper is ably illustrated by Mr. A. Lepere. An article entitled, "The Crown: its Growth and Development," will prove interesting to antiquaries and those with any knowledge of antique jewellery. Besides its usual monthly number, the *Magazine of Art* publishes a supplement, being a collection of engravings from some of the best-known pictures in this year's Royal Academy. The reproduction of Mr. Watts's "Dawn," of Mr. G. H. Boughton's "A Golden Afternoon," of Mrs. Henrietta Rae's "Zephyrus wooing Flora," and of M. Emile Wauter's portrait of Master C. Somzee, are especially excellent.

An interesting paper on "William of Wykeham: the founder of Winchester School and of New College, Oxford," commences the June number of the *Art Journal*; it is illustrated with some clever drawings of the great architect's work in Winchester Cathedral. "Japan, and its Art Wares," is again the subject of an able paper of Mr. Marcus B. Huish; and the Herkomer play at Bushey, in the production of which Mr. Herkomer displayed so much and such versatile talent, is well described by Lady Colin Campbell; this article is cleverly illustrated with sketches of the performance by Mr. Lockhart Bogle.

WILL OF MR. JAMES GIBBON.

By his will (dated July 23, 1885) Mr. James Gibbon, formerly of Brisbane, Queensland, but late of 72, Kensington Park-road, London (for many years a Member of the Legislative Council, Queensland), appoints Henry Wortley Lamb, George Henry Woolley, and his nephew, William Withers Moore, the younger, executors and trustees. The testator gives his wife certain legacies and an annuity of £2000 a year; and he also gives an annuity of £600 a year to his sister, Mrs. Chater, to be continued for so long as any daughter of hers shall be living and unmarried at the time of her decease. The testator, after giving certain specific legacies to some of his relations, gives to the Rector and Churchwardens of Kettering £500 Queensland 4 per Cent Debentures for the inmates of Sawyer's Hospital, and the like sum to the Kettering Poor Widows' Fund; and he gives the residue of his estate to his next of kin, as if he had died intestate and unmarried. The personal estate in England was sworn under £246,000. It appears there is a large estate in Queensland, the particulars of which are unknown to the executors.

Lord Derby has placed a large piece of land at Chelsfield, Kent, at the disposal of the labourers for allotment purposes.

The Duke of Cambridge opens the Queen's Park at Crewe, the gift of the North-Western Railway, to-day (June 9).

Mr. Alderman J. J. Harwood, Mayor of Manchester, has been knighted in recognition of the services he has rendered as Mayor of Manchester.

The Portsmouth Hospital has been reopened, the interior of the hospital having been entirely reconstructed on modern principles, and the number of beds increased from 70 to 104.

At a meeting of several clubs, held in the pavilion of the Sefton Park Bowling Club, Sefton Park, Liverpool, it has been decided to form a County Bowling Association.

The following sums have been contributed towards the endowment fund of the Polytechnic, Regent-street:—An anonymous donor, £1000; the Duke of Bedford, £500; Mr. R. C. L. Bevan, £500.

A public garden and hall for the benefit of the inhabitants of the district of Red Cross-street, Southwark, were opened on June 2 by the Archbishop of Canterbury and others, who enlivened the act of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in giving the site for the purpose. The formation of this little oasis is mainly due to the exertions of Miss Octavia Hill. For laying out the garden Lady Ducie contributed £1000 through the Kyrie Society, while the late Hon. Henry Cowper gave £2000 to build the hall, and free it from ground rent.

The annual court of the governors of the Brompton Consumption Hospital was held on May 31 at the hospital, the Earl of Derby, president of the corporation, being in the chair. The report of the board of management, read by the secretary (Mr. Dobbin), stated that owing to the closing for several months of the older building for necessary alterations and improvements, the number of in-patients had been fewer than usual. In the out-patient department, 13,623 new cases had received advice and medicine, while the attendances had numbered 72,170. There had been some falling off in receipts from annual subscriptions and donations; but an increase in legacies, always a fluctuating source of income. Attention was called to the position of the charity, which needs over £24,000 a year to support the 321 beds in the two buildings, towards which the only assured income is about £3000, arising from rents and dividends, so that to maintain the work increased subscriptions and legacies are urgently needed. Madame Cellini was elected a life-governor, and a ward was named after her in recognition of her kindness in again organising a successful concert for the hospital.



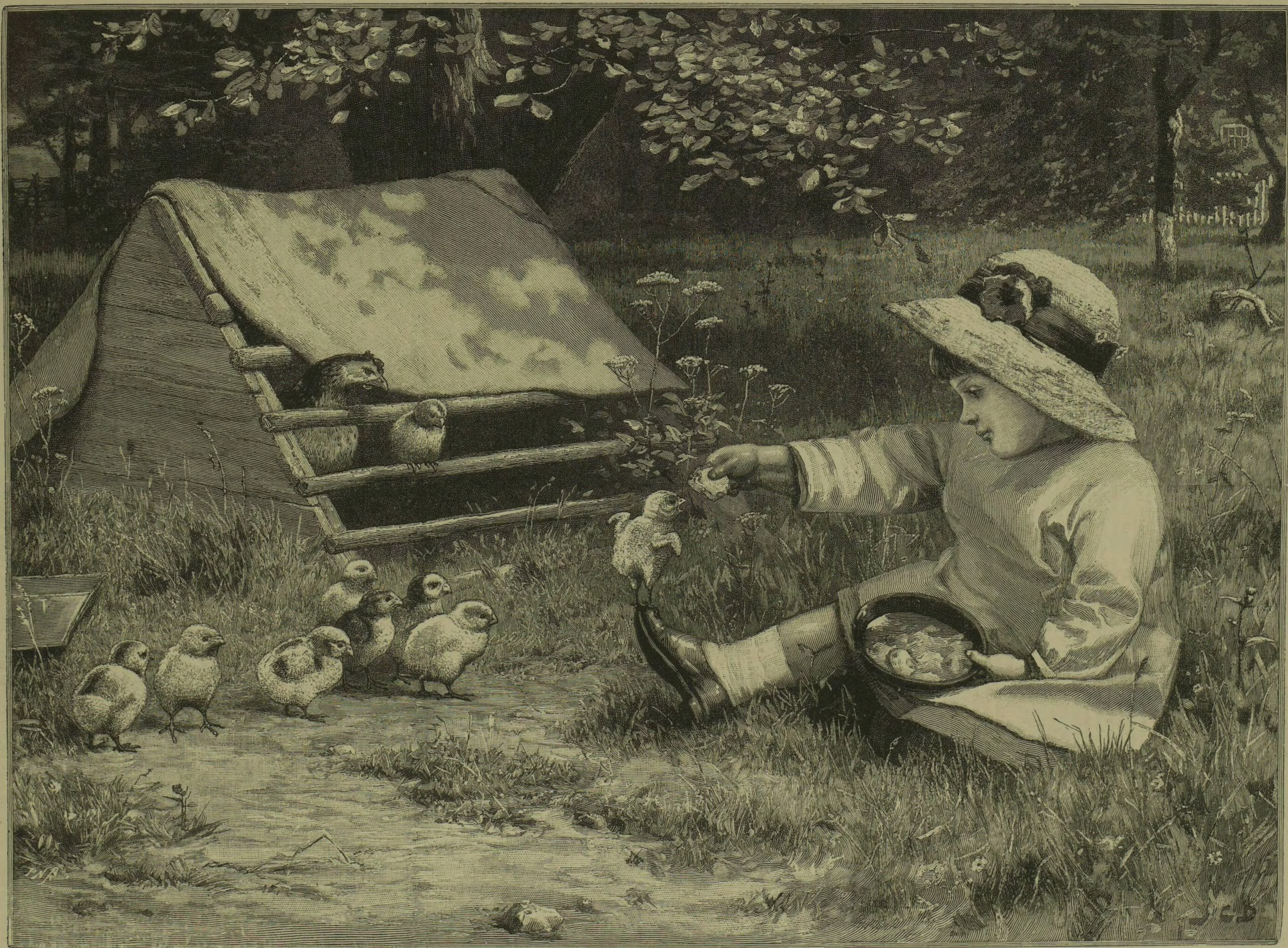
A GROUNDSEL SELLER.



"NOW 'S YER CHARNCE! A SINGING LARK FOR A TANNER!"



A SUNDAY BIRD-FAIR AT THE EAST-END OF LONDON.



"FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED."

FROM THE PICTURE BY J. C. DOLLMAN, IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

NOVELS.

Walter Stanhope; the Man of Varied Sympathies. By John Copland. One vol. (W. H. Allen and Co.).—There is something more in this story than the title would suggest; it is not merely the fictitious early biography of an amiable young gentleman impelled or attracted to diverse objects and pursuits, "everything by turns and nothing long," with talents enough to become an Admirable Crichton, but without constancy of purpose. Nor is it merely a narrative of the effects of his handsome figure, generous temper, and engaging manners on three different young women, two German and one English, each an interesting type of her own class, who successively yield their affections to Walter Stanhope. This befalls the first two, Minna Hermann and Trina, the maidservant, entirely without his solicitation; but the last of them, Lady Hilda Morton, grants him such reserved and delayed acceptance, guided by her wise father, Lord Edenham, as befits one of high breeding and correct education. These are the elements of a romance designed, apparently, on lines that were formerly much in vogue with novelists, but that have been neglected in later years, to develop imaginary capabilities and experiences of youth on the masculine side. The female characters, in a novel so conceived, however beautifully portrayed, in whatever noble attitude, or destined to whatever pathetic fate, must occupy a secondary position; they seem, like most of those in the works of Goethe, of Byron, and of Bulwer-Lytton, created to serve for the emotional refining influences that will bring a superior person of the male sex to perfection. Recent fiction, largely written by clever women, has inclined rather to the opposite theory, usually allowing two or three lovers, of different complexions, one after another or all at once, to supply the heroine "of varied sympathies" with those experimental attachments which are needful to her finished culture. In reverting to the idea that prevailed with leading romance-writers of a past generation, and which Goethe raised to an ethical doctrine, the author of "Walter Stanhope" appropriately fixes the date of his story in the years 1832 to 1834, and lays its scene, in great part, at the University of Göttingen. With that town and that institution he has evidently been well acquainted, observing there the aspects of German social and domestic life, especially the life of German professors, teachers, and students, about fifty years ago. His exhibition of those historical realities is so abundant, so lively and distinct, and we feel so much confidence in his familiar knowledge of them, that the book may be recommended on this ground alone, independently of its merits as a novel. The condition of Hanover at the time when that kingdom still remained in dynastic connection with the Crown of Great Britain, under William IV., is a subject on which the notions of most of our countrymen are probably scanty and obscure. Few of us, indeed, except by rather extensive reading of German literature, can have obtained a clear understanding of the tumult of ideas and aspirations, not only those of political freedom and national unity, but those arising from the philosophical, ethical, and aesthetic principles then in vogue, which was going on among the educated classes in Germany half a century ago; and still less of the manner in which they came into conflict with the repressive policy of the Governments at some of the Universities. English students at Göttingen, the place most likely to be chosen for their residence at that period, could not fail to be struck by the tokens and expressions of this powerful intellectual enthusiasm among German scholars and teachers; while their own national traditions, with the heritage of English history, laws, creeds, customs and manners, kept them apart from the revolutionary movement. Such is the position of Walter Stanhope, the only son of a wealthy country gentleman, educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, but at first inclined to the Liberal Party, who is sent to Göttingen in 1832. He is suddenly plunged into the midst of the crude extravagances of the Burschenschaft, listening to their violent talk and witnessing the grotesque fashions and puerile customs of their club-meetings, the beer-drinking orgies, the sword-duels, the insults and quarrels, by which a wild and defiant spirit was maintained. There have been many descriptions of those preposterous usages of the German students; but we find here delineated with sufficient precision their particular bonds of union, the Corps formed by natives of certain provinces, such as the "Mecklenburgers," and the so-called "Longobards," who represented sectional class-antagonisms and aristocratic pretensions. The secret meeting of the members of the forbidden Democratic Union, continuing that wider association which was suppressed at Jena in 1819, with its betrayal by a spy and its dispersal by the armed police, is an effective scene. Those who remember the German affairs of 1848 and 1849 will perhaps recognise a few typical characters of the leading politicians, several of whom became exiles in England or in America; but the author has not hesitated to introduce Otto Von Bismarck, as a young Göttingen student, furnishing him with some conversation on German politics, which seems partly extracted from his authentic speeches of later date. All these incidents and discussions are skilfully combined with the personal adventures of Walter Stanhope, who frankly meets the Germans of every class and party. This accomplished youth distinguishes himself not only as a rich Englishman, with plenty of money to spend, and with two fine horses to ride, but as the hero of a duel in which he is severely wounded, though he punishes a bully and dishonest gamster, Von Knesebeck, with much greater severity. His gallantry towards Minna, the daughter of Hofrath Hermann, a learned professor in whose house he was living, may be excused as innocent of wrong intention, however serious the mischief that it caused; but the want of discernment on his part, when her previous engagement to Fritz Berger was broken off, and the girl was pining for Walter's sake, shows a lack of due consideration, since he had actually given her a kiss. The tragedy of poor simple Trina, who gets herself killed by intercepting a blow aimed at his head, might not affect him with remorse, as he was unconscious of her love for him; but it is told in a manner deeply affecting. The portraits of such eminent men as Ottfried Müller, Ewald, and the Brothers Grimm, will attract some notice. We do not follow with equal interest the narrative of events after Walter's return to England, where he again encounters Minna in a perilous situation, and where his engagement to Lady Hilda is compromised, for a time, by false suspicions of the relations between him and the virtuous, well-educated German girl, confessedly his first love, though not high-born, and, therefore, not fit to be his wife. As a picture of English fashionable and aristocratic society, these latter chapters of the story cannot be pleasing to readers who would like to believe that their own nation is better than all the rest of the world. There are some, too, not quite willing to admit that England and all the world have been created for the enjoyment of young gentlemen born heirs to noble estates of £60,000 a year. If the community existed for the special gratification of the privileged individual, the refined culture of "varied sympathies" might be the true vocation of the supremely gifted man. But it is conceivable that the problem of human life has been differently set, and that direct service, with downright self-sacrifice, is the only satisfactory solution. The opposite line of conduct will then be a fatal delusion, not

to be easily cured by a reaction from brain-fever, and by one or two accidents relieving the conscience of responsibility for suffering victims of vanity; nor even by the adoption of Tory principles as a convert of Peel's in 1834, or by marriage to a saintly Lady Hilda when she learns that one is not a profligate young man after all. In short, the "vornehm" prescription of mental and moral culture, as it cannot be universally applied, could never be a sound rule for the attainment of human excellence and felicity in any possible case. A dilettante patriot or philanthropist, scholar, hero, or martyr, remains an unconscious egotist, and is not the wisest or happiest of men. "He that will save his life shall lose it, he that will lose his life shall save it"; there is some truth in that remark.

The New Judgment of Paris. By Philip Lafargue. Two vols. (Macmillan and Co.).—The task imposed on the gallant Trojan prince, of determining the prize of beauty disputed between three rival goddesses, does not seem to occur to Mr. Ambrose Trevor, a sentimental idealist and fastidious artist engaged in painting the Venus or Aphrodite of that classic fable. His mind soon becomes absorbed in an exclusive adoration of a single model, Ida Bannatyne, whose mental characteristics, indeed, rather betray an ambition to play the parts also of Juno and Minerva: the daughter of a deceased Archdeacon, and highly intellectual, she criticises the ways of men with rare self-confidence, and aspires to be one of the rulers of the world. Heiress to no fortune, and living in the house of her uncle, Dr. Harvey Bland, a physician of Savile-row, whose reputation for scientific cleverness does not keep him above unworthy stratagems to get money, it might seem that Miss Bannatyne's chances were far from hopeful; but she is bold as well as handsome. Either her face and stately figure, or her fine singing, or her free talking, which last is of a peremptory, dogmatic, or sarcastic quality seldom relished by men, gain such notice that she receives three several offers of marriage by one morning's post. One letter is from an old admirer, Captain Eric Armstrong, heir to a baronetcy and a large estate. Another is from Ambrose Trevor, who vows to make her life "calm, happy, beautiful, luxurious," if love be granted to teach him the secret of ideal perfection in life and art. A third letter is from John Sumner, her half-cousin, a son of Mrs. Harvey Bland by her first husband—a robust, energetic, masterful man, who has been an engineer, and has been in Australia, and is going into the House of Commons. Here is a triple choice for an ambitious young woman! This is much more practical, if not more critical, than the *Detur pulchriori* which was referred to Paris. Well, she puts aside Eric, who is a good fellow, but weak, and accepts the "ethereal passion" of the exquisitely refined idealist. He, unluckily, is in a state of pecuniary dependence on his aunt, an elderly maiden lady devoted to founding hospitals for the poor, and to a college of lady nurses personally superintended by herself as "Sister Irene." The nursing sisterhood at St. Paul's Hospital presently disagrees with the other officials and managers of that institution; and Trevor and Sumner, with Dr. Bland, take part in a debate at a meeting of subscribers, where the lady nurses are outvoted. Sister Irene is further embarrassed by her liabilities for the costs of her charitable projects, and is compelled to stop the allowance of £400 a year to her nephew, Trevor, who has relied upon it, and has expected to inherit his aunt's money, finds himself in difficulties; he has always disdained to exhibit his pictures, and has got no sale for them; he has undertaken, in part, the expense of printing and publishing a journal called *The Byleaf*; and he is furnishing a house in Wilton-place for his intended wife. One of her uncle's family plays the abominable trick of surreptitiously inserting Trevor's name in a printed "black list" of customers to whom the tradesmen among whom it privately circulates are advised to give no credit; and he is humiliated by the insulting refusal of his orders in the presence of Ida and of Sir Eric Armstrong. The consequence is that Ida withdraws from her engagement, on the plea that she is unwilling to be an incumbrance to him in a life of poverty, and she finally marries Eric, who has succeeded to his father's wealth and title. The electioneering adventures of John Sumner at Eastmere, and Eva Sumner's novitiate as hospital nurse, are episodes of minor importance in this story; which does not seem, though it has some merits of construction and of style, calculated by its main conception to win a strong hold on the sympathies of ordinary readers. It abounds in far-fetched thoughts of a semi-philosophical, semi-mystical complexion, and in language rather too emotional for the business of common life.

Sir Charles Tupper, High Commissioner for Canada, and Lady Tupper, arrived in London on June 4.

The Mayor of Lewes has presented to the Corporation a gold chain for the Mayoress to wear on official occasions.

Her Majesty's Judges attended Divine service in State at St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday afternoon, June 3. The Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Corporation received their Lordships.

The Lord Chamberlain will preside at the anniversary festival dinner of the Cab-drivers' Benevolent Association, to be held in the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole, on June 21.

A ball in aid of the London Hungarian Association of Benevolence will be held at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, on Wednesday, June 20.

The anniversary festival of the London Coffee and Eating House Keepers' Association will be held on June 11 at the Holborn Restaurant.

The *Dublin Gazette* contains a proclamation placing Belfast under the provisions of the third and fourth sections of the Crimes Act. The sections in question provide for trial by special jury and change of venue.

The useful volume, "Low's Hand-book to the Charities of London," for this year has been revised in accordance with the latest reports, and comprises "the objects, date of formation, office, income, expenditure, invested funds, bankers, treasurers, and secretaries of over a thousand charitable institutions."

Twenty-seven regiments of Militia were on June 4 called up for training in different parts of the United Kingdom, some 20,000 men being expected to respond to the call. Nearly all are to be stationed under canvas, and of the remainder the greater part go into barracks.

The Bishop of Marlborough has received the offer of £100 for the Church Mission to the Fallen, on condition that nine other donations of a similar amount are forthcoming. Messrs. Hoare, 37, Fleet-street, are the bankers; the offices are at 14, York-buildings, Adelphi; and the chairman is the Rev. A. Brinckman, Temple Chambers.

Messrs. Gibbs and Howard have forwarded to Bombay a large circular stained-glass window for the Royal Yacht Club, Bombay, the gift of Sir Henry Moreland, commodore of the club. The window illustrates Dancing, which is shown by a group of bucolic shepherds and shepherdesses dancing to the music of a young shepherd playing the lute; and is a sister one to a window executed four years ago by the same firm, which illustrated Orpheus quieting animals by the power of his music.

OBITUARY.

THE HON. GRAHAM MANNERS-SUTTON.

The Hon. Graham Edward Henry Manners-Sutton died at Lausanne on May 30. He was born on Feb. 7, 1843, the second son of John Henry, third Viscount Canterbury, by Georgiana, his wife, youngest daughter of Mr. Charles Tompson, of Witchingham Hall, in the county of Norfolk, and was brother of Henry, fourth and present Viscount Canterbury. The deceased gentleman, who was educated at Harrow, was a Deputy Lieutenant for Norfolk, and a member of the London Stock Exchange. He married, Feb. 12, 1867, Charlotte Laura, only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Astley, of Burgh Hall, Norfolk, and leaves two sons.

ADMIRAL GORE JONES.

Admiral William Gore Jones, C.B., died at his residence, 26, Ashburn-place, S.W., on May 28, aged sixty-two. He entered the Royal Navy in 1841, became Commander in 1854, Captain in 1861, Rear-Admiral in 1877, Vice-Admiral in 1882, and Admiral, retired, in 1887. He served in the New Zealand War, 1845-46, and in the Black Sea during the Crimean War, 1854-55 (medal, with clasp, Legion of Honour, Turkish medal, and 3rd class Medjidieh). The distinguished Admiral, whose death we record, was some time Inspector of Training-ships, Naval Attaché at Washington, 1873 to 1879, and Commander-in-Chief on East Indian Station, 1879 to 1882. He received the good-service pension in 1871, and was created a C.B. in 1877. Admiral Jones, who was son of the late Mr. John Gore Jones, of Sligo, married, in 1858, Agnes, daughter of the late Mr. Serjeant Spankie, M.P. for Finsbury.

GENERAL GEORGE MALCOLM.

General George Alexander Malcolm, C.B., died at 87, Sloane-street on June 2. He was born in 1810, the eldest son of Major-General Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B., by Isabella Charlotte, his wife, second daughter of Sir Alexander Campbell, first Baronet. He entered the Army in 1825, became Captain in 1831, Major in 1839, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1842, Colonel in 1854, Major-General in 1858, Lieutenant-General in 1867, and General in 1874. He served as Aide-de-Camp to the Governor of Bombay, 1827-30, and to Sir Hugh Gough, in the China War, 1841-42 (medal with clasp); was Secretary of Legation in China, 1841-43, and Deputy Quartermaster-General at Alexandria, 1858. He was Colonel of the 2nd battalion Yorkshire Regiment from 1866 to the time of his death. General Malcolm married, in 1845, Georgiana, daughter of the late Hon. and Most Rev. Edward Harcourt, Archbishop of York, which lady died in 1886.

MR. HENRY BARTLETT.

Mr. Henry Bartlett, C.B., Auditor, Gold Coast Colony, died at sea, on board the steamer Benim, off the West Coast of Africa, on April 26, aged sixty-two. He was educated at King's College, London, and joined the Commissariat Staff in 1844. He served on the West Coast of Africa 1844-46, in Kaffir War 1846-47 and 1850-53 (medal with clasp), in Crimean campaign 1854-55 (medal with three clasps and Turkish medal), and in New Zealand Wars 1860-61 and 1863-65 (medal). He retired as Deputy Controller in 1873, and received the decoration of C.B. the same year.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Earl of Seafield, on June 5, in his seventy-first year. His memoir will be given next week.

The Rev. John Hannah, D.C.L., Archdeacon of Lewes, at Brighton Vicarage, on June 1, at the age of seventy years.

The Rev. C. B. Chalker, Canon of Carlisle Cathedral and Chaplain to the Bishop of Carlisle, on June 2.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Beckwith Sawrey, late 88th Regiment (Connaught Rangers), at Clairville, Reigate, on May 23, aged seventy.

Colonel Henry Fitzroy Dakeyne, late of her Majesty's Indian Army, at 42, Clarendon-square, Leamington, on May 28, aged fifty-eight.

Captain George Heblethwayte Lutton Boynton, late 17th Lancers, youngest son of Sir Henry Boynton, ninth Baronet, at his residence, Hayesthorpe Hall, Yorkshire, on May 18, aged sixty.

Mr. Christopher Rolleston, C.M.G., late Auditor-General of New South Wales, at Sydney, recently. He was successively Commissioner of Crown Lands for Darling Downs, private secretary to Sir William Denison, K.C.B., when Governor-General, and subsequently Registrar-General and Auditor-General.

Miss Isabella Neil Harwood, daughter of the late Mr. Philip Harwood, long editor of the *Saturday Review*, on May 29, at Hastings. She was author of the "Plays, by Ross Neil," published in five volumes, from 1871 to 1883, which are some of the best dramatic poetry written in this age, and the best ever written by a woman. She also wrote several novels.

Colonel Pryse, Lord Lieutenant of Cardiganshire, at his seat near Aberystwith on May 29. Deceased was a member of the ancient House of Gogerddan. He acted as a Master of Fox-hounds for over a quarter of a century, and hunted Cardiganshire and the neighbouring counties for thirty-one years. Colonel Pryse for several years represented Cardiganshire in Parliament in the Liberal interest.

Captain Richard Roche, recently, at Ventnor. He entered the naval service in 1845, and served in the Arctic Search Expedition of 1852-3-4, in the *Resolute*, as a mate under Sir Leopold M'Clintock (Arctic medal); was also Lieutenant of the *Russell* in the Baltic Fleet, 1855 (Baltic medal); afterwards commander of the *Beacon* and *Hibernia*, and inspecting officer of the Coastguard at Ventnor. Captain Roche was the youngest son of the late Rev. George Roche, Rector of Stradbally, county of Waterford, Ireland, and cousin of the late Sir David Roche, Bart. He married the widow of the late Dr. Leeson, and leaves two sons.

The gardens of the Inner Temple are open to the public from six o'clock until dusk.

The death-rate in London again declined during the week ending June 2, and was only 16.1 per thousand, a lower rate than in any week since the beginning of October last.

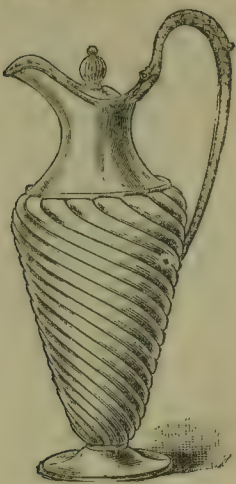
Following the precedent observed in the City on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the Coronation of King George III., the Lord Mayor has invited the Ambassadors and foreign Ministers and a distinguished company to dinner at the Mansion House on Thursday, June 28, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Coronation of the Queen.

At the annual general meeting of the Royal Society of British Artists, held on June 4, Mr. Wyke Bayliss was elected President. On the announcement being made, the following gentlemen tendered their resignation of membership, and left the society with Mr. Whistler:—Messrs. Waldo Story, Alfred Stevens, Nelson M'Lean, Roussel, Ludovici, jun., Starr, Francis James, Rixon, Aubrey Hunt, Lindner, Girardot, Max Ludy, Arthur Hill, Llewellyn, Symons, C. Wyllie, A. F. Grace, J. E. Grace, J. D. Watson, Mortimer Menpes, Jacomb Hood, Charles Keen, and J. J. Shannon.

MAPPIN & WEBB,

Manufacturers of Sterling and Electro-Silver Plate and Table Cutlery.

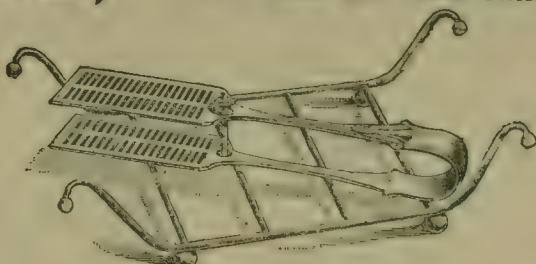
WEDDING PRESENTS.



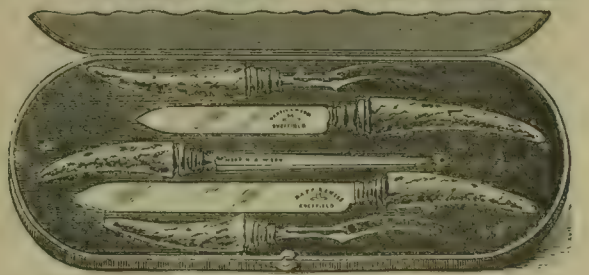
Solid Silver Claret-Jug, 11 in. high, £13 18s.



Richly Engraved Revolving Cover, 11 in. Breakfast-Dish. With loose dish and drainer, £5. Ditto plain, £4 4s.



Mappin and Webb's New Asparagus Cradle and Servers. Best Electro, £1 1s., complete.



Carvers in Case, Silver Mounted. Buckhorn Handles, 1 pair, and Steel, £1 7s.; 2 pairs, and Steel, £1 16s. Ivory " 1 " " £1 10s.; 2 " " £2 10s.

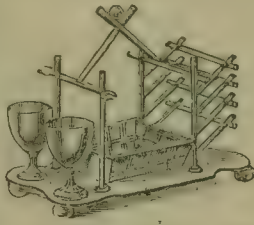
SPOONS and FORKS, TABLE-KNIVES.



Engraved Glass Preserve Jar, 7s. 6d.



Double Preserve or Sugar and Cream Stand, Cut Glass Dishes, Electro-Silver Frame, £1 5s.



Toast Rack, Egg Frame, and Butter Dish, combined, Electro-Silver, £2 15s. Sterling Silver, £2 9s.

TESTIMONIAL PLATE.



Cream Jug, 11s.



Sugar Basin, 14s.



Tea-Pot, £2 18s. Afternoon Tea-Service, Rich Hammered Design, Best Electro-Silver Service, complete, £4 6s.

City Show-Rooms:

18 TO 22, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

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EVOLUTION IN WINES & LIQUEURS.

WINE OF ST. ROCH.
"The best of all dinner wines."—Medical Encyclopedia.
LIQUEUR EUCALYPTO
ELIXIR COCA
WINE OF COCA
(BULON and CO., Bologna.)
LECEREUX and CO.'S (Founded 1834)
AVIZE CHAMPAGNE.
"The survival of the fittest."
Wholesale Agent: R. TAYLOR, 137, Vine-street, E.C.

ADAMS'S FURNITURE POLISH.

THE OLDEST AND BEST.

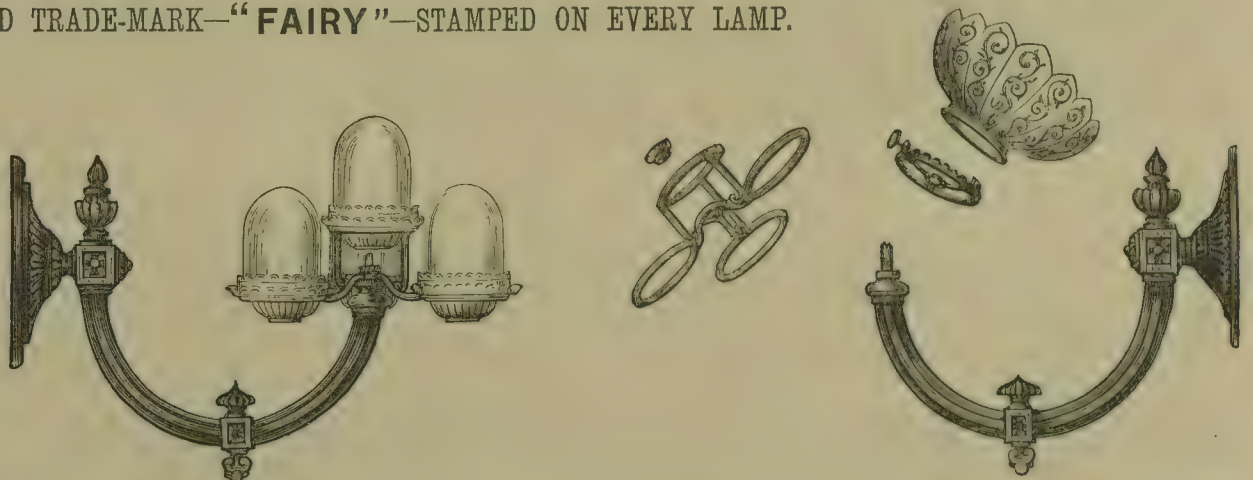
"THE QUEEN"
Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—Dec. 22, 1883.
Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Cabinetmakers, Oilmen, &c.
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SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA.

Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.
GUARANTEED PURE SOLUBLE COCOA.
Sold in 1 lb., 1/2 lb., and 1/4 lb. Tins,
BY CHEMISTS, GROCERS, &c.

CLARKE'S PATENT "FAIRY" LAMPS.

REGISTERED TRADE-MARK—"FAIRY"—STAMPED ON EVERY LAMP.



SHOWING how to transform Gasaliers, Wall Brackets, Gas Standards, &c., temporarily or permanently into CLARKE'S "FAIRY" LAMPS without disturbing the gas arrangement.

Five minutes' time is sufficient to alter each branch; for example, see the engraving of an ordinary Gas Bracket. Take off the Shade and the Shade Gallery, then slip on the Four-light Frame, screwing it down with the nut sent therewith. When the lamps are in, the effect will be as engraved, a Four-light "Fairy" Wall Bracket.

The lower figure shows a Three-light Gasalier, in the process of being changed in this way into a beautiful Twelve-light "Fairy" Chandelier.

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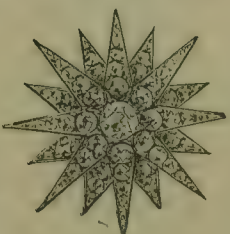
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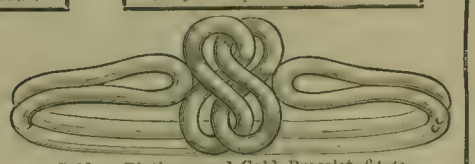
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THE LATE MR. W. H. GRANGER.

Mr. Walter Homer Granger, Inspector of Military Police in Burmah, was the youngest son of Mr. Charles Granger, solicitor, of Leeds, and grandson of Thomas Homer Granger, also a solicitor of that town. He was engaged in the Kafir and Zulu Wars, and was one of the few survivors of the disastrous battle of Isandhlwana, in 1879. He carried the despatches to Lord Chelmsford after that battle, delivering them between Rorke's Drift and Helpmakaar. At the termination of the Zulu War Mr. Granger went to India for seven years, and for two years was in active service in Burmah. In November, last year, he received his well-earned promotion, and was appointed as Inspector of the new Military Police, commanding the steam-launch Diamond on the Irrawaddy river. Having only occupied this post for six months, he died at the early age of thirty-one, having fallen a victim to cholera on April 9 last, by which the British Government of Burmah loses a promising and useful public servant.

ROYAT-LES-BAINS.

In the central region of France to the south of Paris, at the foot of the Auvergne mountains, in the Department of the Puy-de-Dôme, is situated one of the most important sanitary stations and most approved European resorts for the drinking of medicinal waters. The thermal springs of Royat were well known to the ancient Romans in Gaul, and are now frequented, from May to October, by increasing numbers of visitors seeking the means of restoration to health. The Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway, with the most convenient trains, the most comfortable saloon and sleeping carriages, and the best-appointed travelling restaurants, conveys passengers to the Clermont-Ferrand railway station, whence Royat is distant only two kilometres; and cabs or omnibuses, in twenty minutes, bring them to the hotels, which are excellent, or to furnished apartments or villas, which are to be let, affording residences suitable to every requirement. The Establishment at Royat, surrounded by a beautiful park, offers many attractions to invalids and their companions; there is the Casino, with several concerts of music daily, lawn-tennis, balls, and a theatre; while the picturesque scenery of the neighbourhood invites them to pleasant walks, rides, or drives, and to a variety of fresh excursions in the highlands of Auvergne. The elevated site of Royat, in a fine sheltered valley, 1350 ft. above the sea-level, secures a temperate and healthy summer climate.

The mineral springs of Royat, four in number, are named the Eugénie, the St. Mars, the St. Victor, and the César, discharging altogether upwards of 1,500,000 litres of pure water, without odour, of which the temperatures vary from 21 to 35 deg. Centigrade. It is slightly salted, and of a somewhat tart taste, and has a styptic quality. The springs of Royat may be classified with the mixed bicarbonates; they are of the most ferruginous composition, and contain, also, lithia and traces of arsenic, with a great quantity of carbonic acid. These waters are especially suitable to nervous maladies acquired from diverse rheumatic affections, more especially of the neuralgic type, such as muscular rheumatism, sciatica, gastritis, gout, gravel, and diabetes; some cutaneous affections, in particular eczema; also the loss of voice, asthma, and chronic derangement of the uterus. They are strongly recommended in cases of poorness of blood or anæmia, and have proved beneficial to multitudes in every season. The external mode of treatment varies according to the disorder from which the invalid may be suffering. There are baths of running



THE LATE MR. W. H. GRANGER,
INSPECTOR OF MILITARY POLICE IN BURMAH.

water, a very large swimming-bath, inhaling-rooms, douches of carbonic-acid water, pulverised applications, and every sort of hydropathic treatment, with a complete gymnasium. A sojourn at Royat-les-Bains is likely to do good, as well by tonic bracing as by sedative effects on the nervous system, and by stimulating and regulating the digestive and nutritive functions.

A Parliamentary return has been issued showing, with regard to each Parliamentary constituency in the United Kingdom, the number of electors on the register now in force. In England and Wales the total number is 4,501,851, as against 4,492,851 on the previous register; in Scotland 571,911, as against 575,909, and Ireland 763,145 as against 779,389—a decrease in the grand total of 11,266 votes.

According to custom, the "Fourth of June" anniversary was celebrated at Eton by a procession of boats. The Duke of Cambridge, Princess Mary Adelaide, Princess Victoria of Teck, and an exceptionally large company listened to the speeches, which were delivered about noon in the Upper School. The customary banquet was given in the ancient college-hall afterwards—Dr. Hornby, Provost, presiding.

FISHING IN NORWAY.

"Fishing in Strange Waters" is the title of a series of thirty facsimiles of drawings, produced by the Automatic Engraving Company, 11, Henrietta-street, and published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. They form part of a series of Norwegian angling pictures, by the brush and pencil of Mr. Edward Kennard, some of which our readers will recollect seeing in this Journal last season. When all Mr. Edward Kennard's work is so faithful to nature, it is difficult to single out any for special notice; but those which occupy a place among our Engravings this week give sufficient proof that the artist, though an amateur in that line, is an experienced and expert angler. We may observe, with regard to this work, that a guinea set of half-a-dozen hand-painted copies is offered to those who wish to place on their walls such illustrations of the practice of the gentle art.

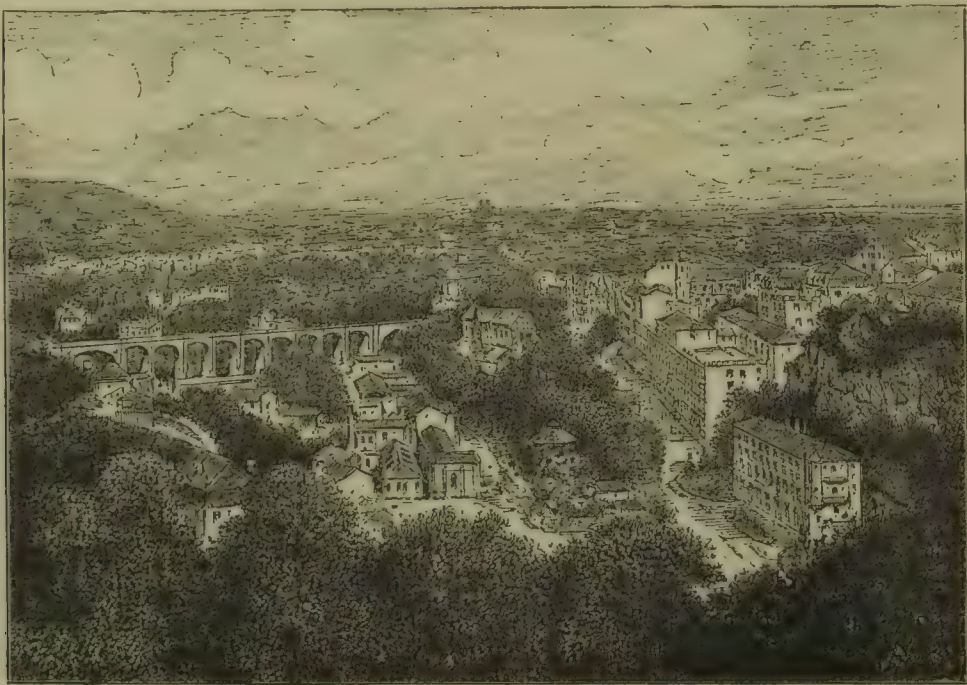
"Will he break me?" We would ask the reader to conceive for one moment, while looking at this Sketch, the anxiety of an ardent angler, with a possible forty pounder (and a fish is always forty pounds before it is "brought to bank"), when an incautious strain may lose him at any moment. "But not this time," the angler rejoins at the satisfactory consummation which ends all doubts and fears; and we may congratulate Piscator on his good fortune.

MINOR ART EXHIBITIONS.

The claims on our space and attention put forward by the larger exhibitions have obliged us to postpone the notice of several smaller collections of English and foreign work which, nevertheless, deserve attention.

Foremost among these should be mentioned a number of drawings in water colour by Professor Herkomer, A.R.A., at present on view at the Fine-Art Society's Gallery (148, New Bond-street). These are for the most part studies of character and scenery "Around my home"—that is to say, from the neighbourhood of Bushey. As in everything which Mr. Herkomer takes in hand, there is a note of strength and energy in the majority of even the slightest of these sketches. The painting is always strong, the object clearly defined, and the method direct. Of idealism or poetry in the treatment of landscape or peasantry there is little trace—although we may think that both are tinged with more South Bavarian qualities than we are accustomed to meet in our Hertfordshire lanes and fields. Be this as it may, we cannot fail to recognise that the pictures smell of the fresh air, and that the men, women, and children are real personages and not merely lay figures dressed up in smocks and corduroys.

The exhibition at the Nineteenth-Century Art Society (Conduit-street) is much on the lines of many of its predecessors, with, however, a tendency to a higher level. It holds its place among existing societies chiefly on the ground that it affords younger men the chance of attracting notice, although some artists who have already won their spurs continue to contribute. Amongst the oil pictures we may especially mention Mr. Arthur Dodd's "Without Reserve" (2) and "Sport and the Drama" (215), capital pictures of dog-life; Mr. Charles De Lacy's "To London with a Flowing Tide" (26); Mr. Edwin Calvert's "Gathering Fuel" (35), a striking evening effect; Mr. Edw. Patry's "Flora" (48), a ragged flower-girl; Mr. R. M. Chevalier's "In the Khan Khaleeley" (62); Mr. Holder's "Borrowdale" (93); Mr. H. E. Rose's "Day Dreams" (110), a girl in white standing on a bridge; Mr. Robert Galton's "July Day" (131); Mr. Yeend King's "Kennet Canal" (145), full of



THE THERMAL ESTABLISHMENT.



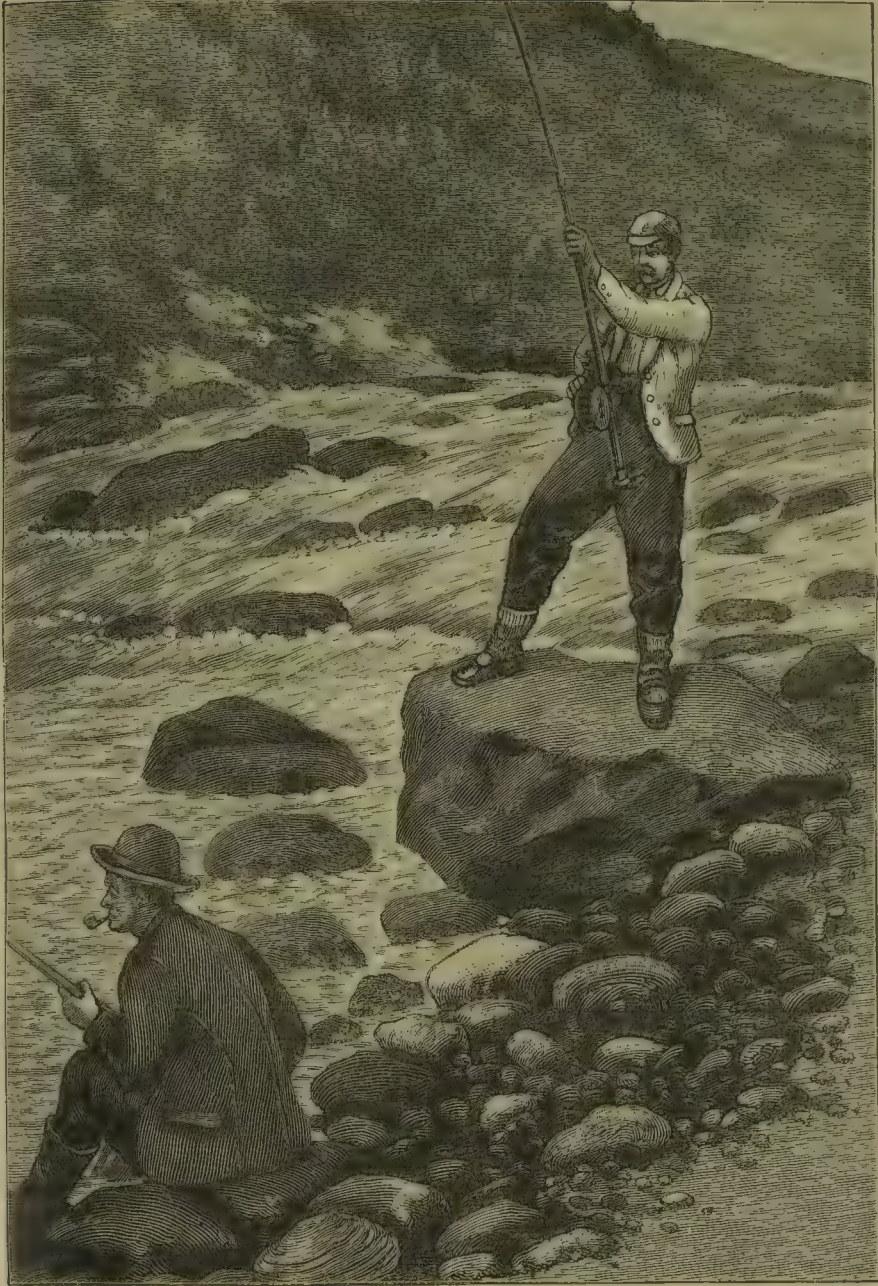
THE CASINO.



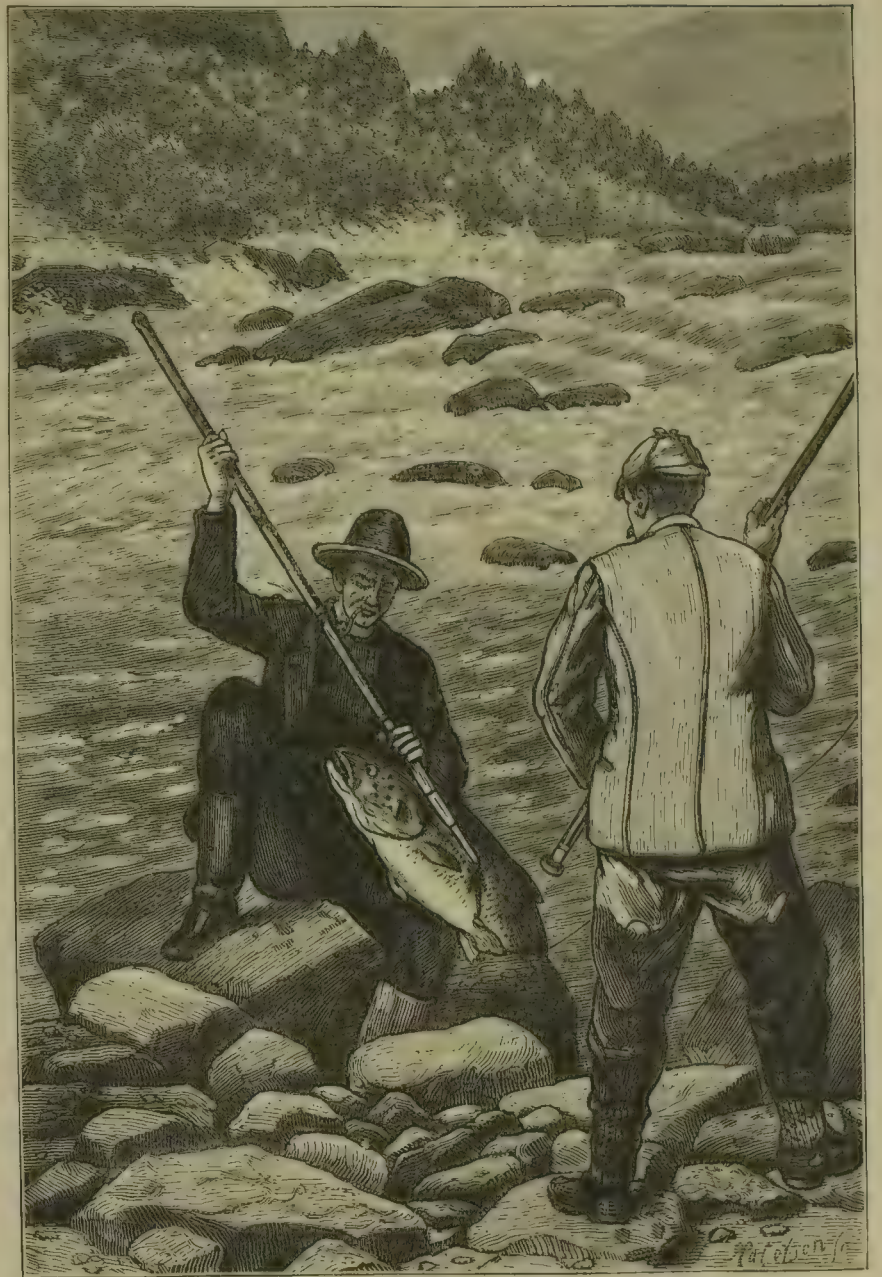
GENERAL VIEW OF THE VALLEY, THE VILLAGE, AND THE CHURCH.



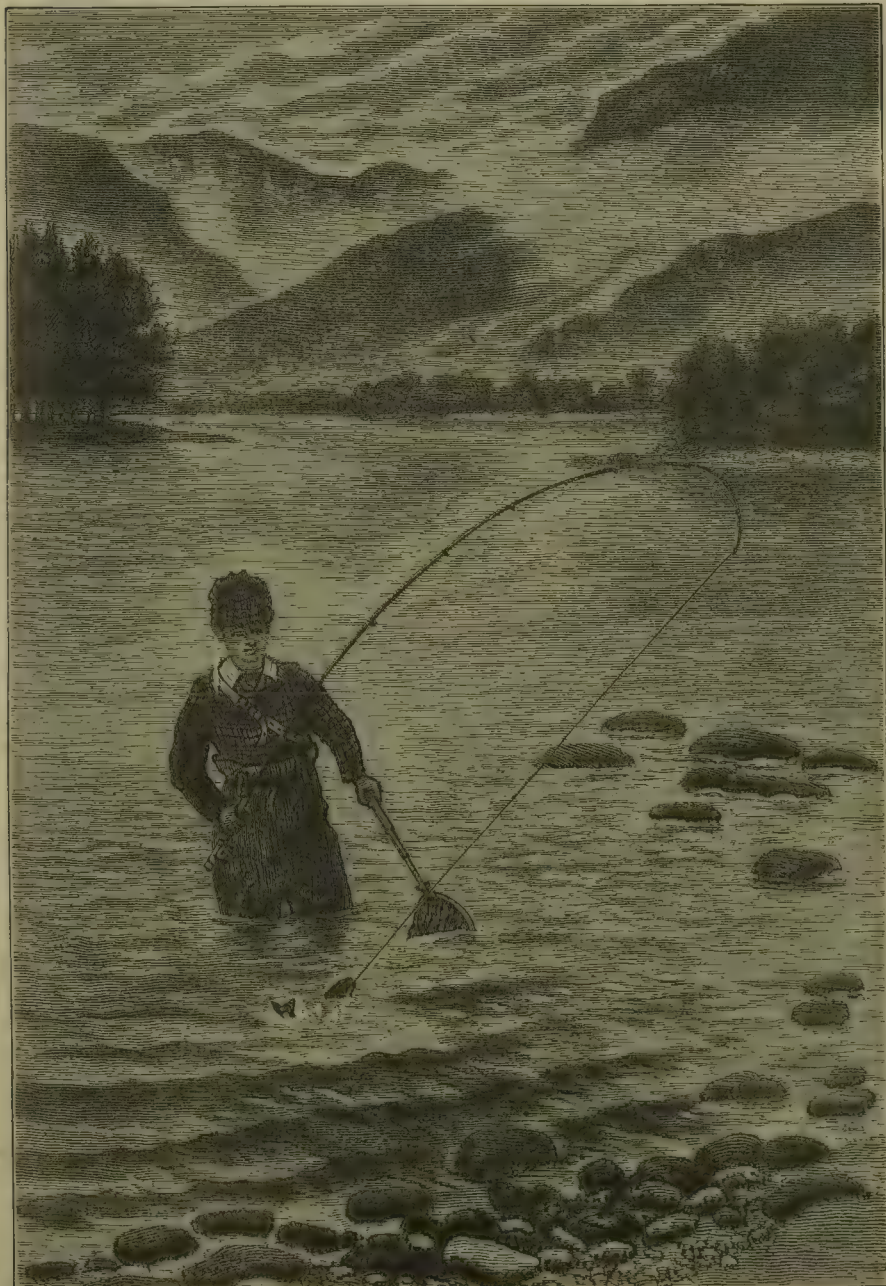
THE PARK AND THE THERMAL ESTABLISHMENT.



"WILL HE BREAK ME?"



"NOT THIS TIME."



"QUITE AT HOME WITH TROUT."



"THE COMPLETE ANGLER."

excellent work and colour: Mr. Alfred De Breanski's "When the Year is Young" (153); Mr. Will Anderson's "Lot 31" (231), a scene at a farmyard auction; and Mr. T. K. Pelham's "Lass that Loved a Sailor" (262), although it is too much of a reminiscence of Faed. The largest and most important work, however, is Mr. Sanguinetti's "Fate of Brunhilda" (228), whose beautiful face is only just seen behind the wild horses to which she is about to be tied as a punishment for her crimes. The interest lies in the animals, which are painted with considerable vigour and effect. The water-colours are, in general, very fair, some being quite up to the average of the larger exhibitions, and, inasmuch as their prices range from one guinea to five-and-thirty, all tastes and purses may be satisfied. Amongst the best are Mr. Albert Kingsley's "Autumn's Varied Hues" (315), Mr. E. S. Calvert's "Old Welshman" (345), Miss M. S. Grose's "Quay at Polperro" (347), Mr. Charles Rowbotham's "Monte Salvatore" (359), Mrs. K. Macaulay's "Summer Sea" (371), Mr. Barrauld's "Hôtel de Ville, Audenarde" (424), and Mr. Fred Burgess's "On the Lagoons" (433), gay with Venetian boats and hay-barges.

At the Hanover Gallery (47, New Bond-street) have been brought together a more than usually good collection of works by foreign masters, those of the French school being especially well represented. Two fine specimens of F. Roybet—"The Message" (61) and "The Carousal" (63)—show this clever revivalist of the best Dutch art to great advantage. Corot, Daubigny, Courbet, Rousseau, and Diaz can be well appreciated in the specimens selected. Isabe's "Naufragés" (60) will recall a period of French art which well deserves attention, and as a painter of action he can here be compared with the modern A. De Neuville, whose "Battery in Danger" (70) is full of life and movement. Amongst living artists, Madame Brandeis, whose minute studies of Venetian life have always been among the features of the Hanover Gallery, shows very remarkable progress in her rendering of "The Bridge of Sighs" (24), and M. Gilbert

Munger, a more recent recruit, sends a number of carefully-finished and attractive studies of French and English scenery. The *pièce de résistance* of the exhibition, however, is M. Robert Mols's "Review at Spithead" (4), a picture of almost panoramic proportions, depicting, with no little success, the grand pageant of last July. The view is taken from nearly the end of the line, looking towards Calshot Castle, just at the time that her Majesty was steaming down between the double line of ironclads. M. Mols, who is a Belgian by birth, has displayed much of that technical skill for which his fellow-countrymen stand in such high repute; and he has dealt with a difficult subject with judgment and good taste. It is a small matter if he has been unable to master all the intricacies of naval etiquette and regulation in the matter of flags; but some friend might, at least, have told him that for two vessels (the Victoria and Albert and the Osborne) to be both flying the Royal ensign at the main at the same time was an unpardonable offence against the code.

The Continental Gallery (157, New Bond-street) contains upwards of two hundred works, all of which, with very few exceptions, are by living artists, French, German, and Italian. M. Boutigny's rendering of one of M. Zola's most touching stories, "The Battle of the Mill" (10), is a work of considerable merit and power; Herr Mathias Schmidt's "Soaped Parson" (65)—representing the visit of two girls to an old priest, whom they find in the act of shaving—is not only humorous, but capitally painted; M. Paul Tillier is represented by a cleverly-painted nude figure; M. A. Normann by a number of scenes on the Norway coast; and M. Van Beers and his "ghost," M. Semenovskiy, by a variety of works, which enable the curious to form their own conclusions as to the rights and wrongs of the parties concerned in the recent "art-scandal."

At the Gainsborough Gallery (25, Old Bond-street), M. Luis Falero exhibits his fantastic work, "Nightmare," of which it is difficult in words to convey an adequate idea. A hideous vampire-like monster has seized in his claws a fair-

haired girl, and is bearing her away. To her is clinging another girl of a different type of beauty; whilst a third is still crouching on the point of a high and lonely rock, and endeavours, apparently in vain, to save her companions. The three female figures thus form a sort of pyramid, over which the monster is hovering with horrid triumph. It is difficult to understand the motive of M. Falero's work. It is certainly less attractive than his "Marriage of a Comet," and other well-known allegories; and although the flesh is—as usual with him—painted with consummate skill, the pose—especially of the crouching figure—is ungraceful, and the colouring of the landscape somewhat forced and hard.

At Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery (160, New Bond-street) is to be seen an interesting collection of Japanese Kakemonos or hanging-pictures, of which the rich brocade mountings, which take the place of frames, are often as attractive as the pictures themselves. The various schools of Japanese painting which have flourished since the tenth century are said to be represented in this collection. We are not prepared in any way to question the authenticity of any of the works, which can only be decided by experts. At any rate, they are for the most part extremely decorative, and in some instances display refinement of thought as well as of execution. Birds, fishes, flowers, and landscapes are the subjects often most attractive; but the humorous side of Japanese art is brought out in many cases in the street scenes and episodes of daily life which abound in the specimens of the popular school of Iwasa Matahei, a painter of the seventeenth century.

DEATHS.

On May 31, at her residence, Rotterdam, Mary, widow of the late Gerard Wachter, Esq., deeply lamented. New Zealand papers, please copy.

On June 2, at 51, Cornhill-gardens, S.W., Lieutenant-Colonel John Matthew Bentham, of Forzevell House, Torquay, late of the King's Dragon Guards, aged 47 years.

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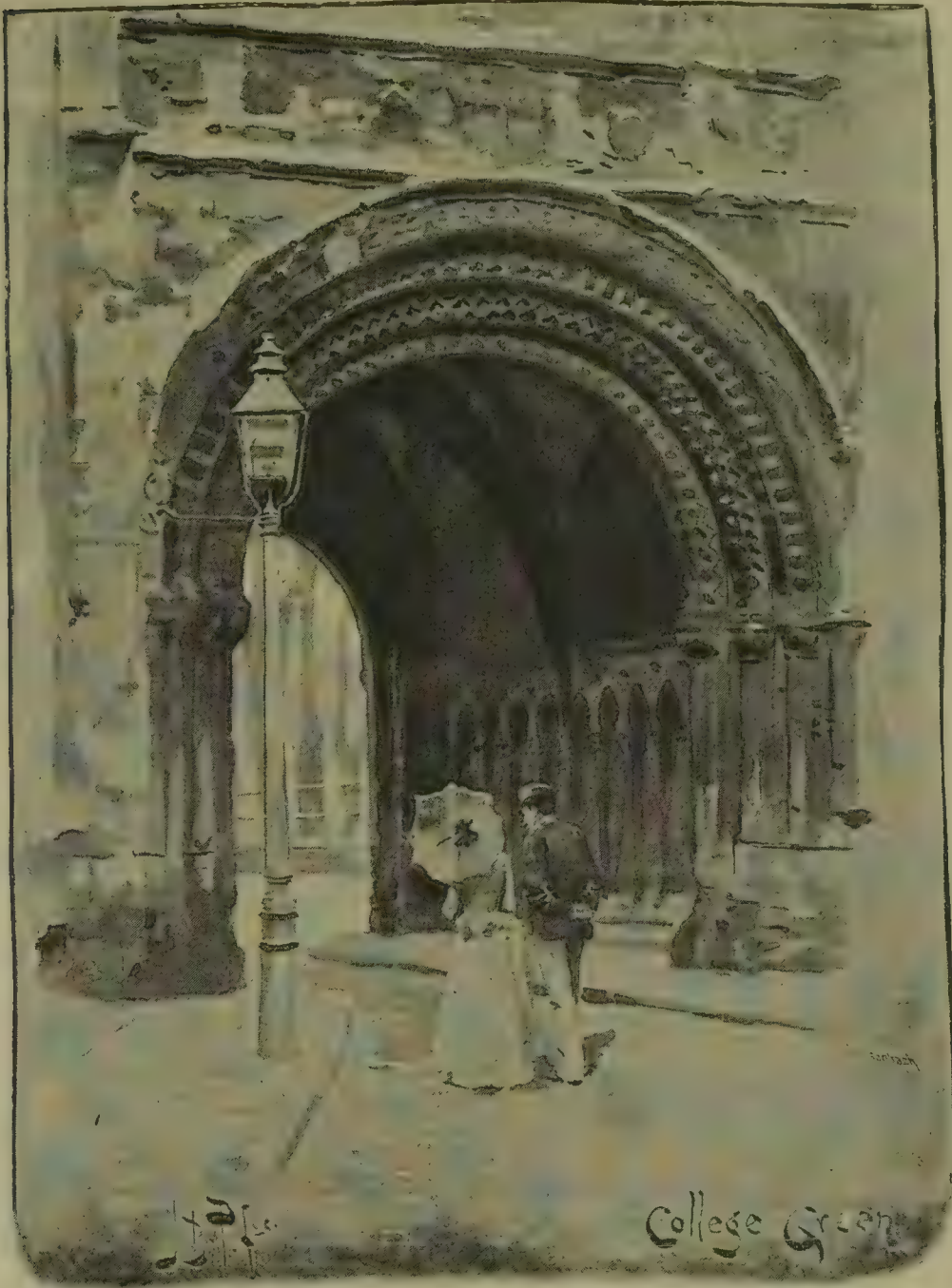
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THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A HOUSE-BOAT.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail
On even keel with gentle gale;

And once in seven years I'm seen
At Bath or Tunbridge to career."

"The top of the morning to you!" says Miss Peggy, coming marching into the coffee-room, and twirling her bonnet by the strings. There is a gay audacity in her face, and health and youth and high spirits are in her shining eyes.

"The same to you and many of them," one answers humbly.

"I do believe," she continues, in tones of tragic vexation, "that your English bootmakers are the immediate descendants of the people who lived in the Age of Iron. Why, French and German bootmakers use leather! But your English bootmakers fix your feet with iron clamps."

"So your racing and chasing on Durdham and Clifton Downs has found you out—is that it? Well, you'll have to come better provided to the Highlands—boots with broad toes, double-soled, and with plenty of nails in them to get a grip of the heather."

"I am not so sure about my ever going to the Highlands," she says, with something of a change of manner; and she walks along to the window and looks out. Then she returns. "Won't you go for a little stroll until they come down? It is quite pretty out there."

This is a command rather than an invitation; one fetches hat and stick; Miss Peggy whips on her bonnet and ties the strings; and presently we are lounging about the College-green, which looks very well in the early sunlight. And the sunlight suits Miss Peggy, too, brightening the pale, clear rose of her complexion, and lending a mystery to her shadowed eyes, and making a wonder and glory of her hair, as many a poor hapless mortal, on both sides of the Atlantic, has discovered to his cost.

"Has Mr. Duncombe's parcel of books come?" she asks presently.

"I don't know."

"Do you think he will succeed as a writer?" again she asks in her careless way.

"How can one tell? He hasn't got very far yet."

"He is very modest about it," she says; and then, as on one or two former occasions, she goes on to speak of Mr. Duncombe in rather a cool and critical fashion. "His simplicity is almost amusing. He doesn't aim at much, does he? Rather a small ambition, wouldn't you call it, to be writing these little things, and making up plots for farces? Why, if I were a man, I'd win the Victoria Cross or die!" she adds, with superfluous energy.

"Good gracious! if everybody wanted the V.C. how would the world's business go on?"

"I'm talking about myself personally," she says resolutely.

"To begin with, you would have to be a soldier."

"I would be a soldier."

"You would want an opportunity"—

"I would make an opportunity."

"Yes, that's just where the trouble comes in. Don't you know that some very high authorities have looked rather askance

at the V.C. as a temptation to the young soldier to fight for his own hand. And yet they say that at the First Relief of Lucknow every single man of the 78th Highlanders fought for a Victoria Cross—and, what's more, that every single man earned it."

"And what was done then?" asks Miss Peggy.

"Why, they left the regiment itself to choose their representatives to get the cross. But the fact is, no Highland soldier should get the V.C."

"What?" she says indignantly.

"No Highland soldier should get the V.C. For when the critical occasion comes—when a charge has to be made or a trench to be stormed, then the pipes begin to play, and the Highlander becomes a madman—he is no longer himself. It is unfair all the way round. The pipes madden him and frighten his enemy at the same time. When Sir Archibald Alison called on the pipes to strike up at Amouful, the Ashantees bolted like rabbits, and the Black Watch couldn't get at them. Well, I hope you will hear a pibroch or two in the Highlands this year: what makes you think you won't be able to go?"

"Oh, as for that," she says, with rather a proud and hurt air, "I am sure I am at liberty to go, for anything my people at home seem to care about me. They don't appear to be much concerned as to whether I go or stay."

"No letters this morning?"

"Oh, it isn't this morning—or many a morning back. I don't believe I've heard from home since I left London; and I've written regularly to my sister Emily, every Sunday, sometimes oftener."

"Don't you think they assume that you have withdrawn altogether into the wilds, and that it is no use trying to find you? Or isn't it just as likely that there has been some mistake about forwarding your letters; and that you will find them all in a bundle when you get back to town? We shall soon be making a bee-line for London now."

"Those people have come down," she says, discreetly glancing over to the windows of the hotel; "we must go in."

It was now for the first time that a foreshadowing of the breaking-up of our party began to weigh upon the spirits of one or two of these good folk—particularly upon Colonel Cameron, who became remarkably glum and silent when we were counting up the days it would take us to reach the Thames. Not so with young Duncombe, however.

"Oh, it's no use thinking about that yet," said he. "We've all the Avon and the Kennet to do; and we'll soon be away from these towns and into the solitudes again. You didn't build the Nameless Barge to go on a round of visits to cities. There are plenty of delightful stretches of country for you to get through before we say good-bye."

"But for letters, Mr. Duncombe," his hostess said (and she was as polite and courteous to him as ever: it was not to him that she was going to say anything about his having come away with us under false pretences), "shouldn't we decide where the expedition is to end? And not only that, but one or two friends promised to come and meet us at the finish."

"Oh, I see," said this ingenious young man instantly. "As You Like It" winds up with a dance—at least, they don't always do it on the stage, but that was what the Duke ordered. Well, we've been in the Forest of Arden—at least, you have been—and there ought to be a little dance before we separate. Oh, yes, we must have a little fling for the last—a Highland fling, if Colonel Cameron prefers it. We strike the Thames at Reading; very well; we can slip down the river to Henley, and put up at the Red Lion. Henley will be a capital place to leave the boat at, for it will be wanted at the regatta, either by yourselves or some of your friends. And of course we should finish up with a dance; you ask the people, and leave all the arrangements to me."

"What's that, there, Miss Rosslyn?"—for Miss Rosslyn was grinning.

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"What's that, there, Miss Rosslyn?"—for Miss Rosslyn was grinning.

"And the next morning," Queen Tita remarked rather sadly. "Well, I've said many harsh things about that old boat, but I shall be sorry to leave it." It has taken us into some strange places; and we've had many and many a snug evening together; and I dare say, long days hereafter, when we come together again, there will be plenty to talk over."

"When you bring Miss Rosslyn to the Highlands with you in the autumn," Colonel Cameron put in quickly. "By that time the whole trip will have become a beatified kind of thing in one's memory; and, as you say, there will be plenty to talk over—plenty."

"I am sure of this, Sir Ewen," is the rejoinder—and this diminutive major-domo of a woman has an air as if she were herself the proprietor of all the land and seas between the Mull of Cantire and the Butt of Lewis—"I am sure of this, that if we get Peggy with us in the West Highlands she won't want to look back—she'll have enough to do in looking round."

Miss Peggy is silent. Perhaps she does not want to distress these good friends, who are planning schemes for her delight, by telling them that, after all, she may not be able to go.

Now, in all our wanderings hitherto, we had encountered next to nothing of the slumminess that is supposed to be characteristic of canals; but we were about to get a good solid dose of it at Bristol—for a brief space. When we had our things packed, we drove out towards the bit of canal that connects the Floating Harbour with the Avon; and, having put our portmanteaus (and Jack Duncombe's parcel of books) on the top of the bank, we dismissed the cabs, and calmly awaited the coming of our house-boat. A most squalid neighbourhood was this: the streets grimy; the air pungent with vitriolic fumes; the sky pierced with a hundred chimneys. A populous neighbourhood, too, though the people did not appear to be doing anything: they lounged about the bridge, leaning over the parapet; or they stared at our luggage and ourselves with an absent air. But when, after long waiting, we beheld the Nameless Barge approach (it was being towed by a small steamer, with the owner of which Captain Columbus had established friendly terms) there was a vast commotion among these idlers; and quite a crowd swarmed down the bank to witness our embarkation and departure. The curiosity of these worthy folk was of the most artless kind. Their comments were uttered without any shamefaced reserve. They did not literally come on board; but they craned their necks—at risk of falling into the water—in order to gain a glimpse into the saloon. Miss Peggy seemed to attract a good deal of their attention; and that young lady, standing on the thwart across the stern-sheets, appeared to be demurely unconscious of their scrutiny. Then the horse was attached; the rare-show began to glide away; and presently we had left that idle population behind, and were slowly passing through malodorous suburbs, that seemed to consist almost exclusively of manufactories.

However, when we had got down by a couple of locks into the wider waters of the Avon, the world began to grow a little greener again. There were still chimneys here and there, and spelter works; but also there were steep red cliffs hanging with foliage, and, on the other side, level meadows catching a faint shimmer of sunlight. Nay, we came upon a long railway-embankment that was exceedingly picturesque; for the line, being far above us, was invisible; and what we saw was a series of Norman arches half smothered in heavy clusters of ivy. We were becoming quite reconciled to the yellow colour of the Avon, because of the beauty of these steep banks and the luxuriant foliage. Here and there, where there happened to be a clearance among the trees, masses of wild flowers showed themselves—particularly of the red campion. There were the huge leaves of the butterbur along the edge of the stream. And from time to time the soft summer air around us was sweet with the scent of the hawthorn blossom.

"Mr. Duncombe," says Miss Peggy, as we are gliding smoothly along, under high wooded banks, or by the side of level meads, "when are we to see the books you are going to review?"

The young man glances at her somewhat suspiciously.

"I don't see why you should find so much amusement in the notion that I am going to try a little reviewing," he makes answer. "But I don't bear any malice. I propose we open the parcel now. Let's have Murdoch called to take the tiller; then we can all go into the saloon—a Council of Five. But mind, it's your co-operation I want; not sarcasm. And I don't see anything funny about it myself: why shouldn't I write reviews as well as other people?"

"What is this that is come unto the son of Kish?" says Queen Tita, darkly; and then she rises and takes Miss Peggy's hand in hers. "Come along, Peggy; let's go and see the books."

"Come down the cabin-stair,
And comb your yellow hair,
Said the captain unto pretty Peggy, O."

"What is that?" the younger lady asks, as she follows her hostess into the saloon.

"Oh, I don't know," the other answers lightly. "A bit of an old song. I don't remember any more of it. But that's always the way: it's pretty Peggy who is asked to go down



"What's that, there, Miss Rosslyn?"—for Miss Rosslyn was grinning.

below, and make herself smart, and take her place at the captain's table; while plain Susan, or Moll, or Bridget can remain on deck, and nibble dried herring. Now, Mr. Duncombe, your knife, please! I think, Peggy, as we are women, our curiosity should be gratified first."

Accordingly, when the string had been cut, and the pile of books laid bare, these two forward creatures took the whole matter of investigation into their own hands; and the very first volume that Queen Tita seized upon caused her to break forth into a most unseemly giggle.

"Mr. Duncombe, what are your views upon this question?" she asked.

"What question?" said he.

She gravely handed him the book; it was entitled: "On the Management of Infancy." But did these two sniggering fiends think to disconcert him? Then they were mistaken.

"Oh," said he, as bold as a lion, "you needn't think I am so ignorant. Views?—I have plenty of views. Haven't I read Mr. Spencer's treatise on Education? Very well. Either this writer approves, or protests against, the process of hardening children. Whichever position he takes up, I can face him, and remonstrate with him, and talk to him like a father. The worst of it is," he continued seriously (and one of us began to suspect that it was not he, but his persecutors, who were being trilled with), "that I don't believe I ever jotted down a single saying about children—I don't believe there is one anywhere in any of my note-books. Isn't that a pity? You see, that's just where the bother is: you can't make those things to order; and what memoranda you do put down seem never to be wanted. But I must have a flash, you know—a scintillation—here and there—something pointed and epigrammatic and luminous—even if it's only about infants. Infants! Who ever thought of making epigrams about infants? They are not worth the trouble—the horrid little idiots! But still—still—I must have a flash or two."

Miss Peggy took up a volume.

"Modern Hinduism." What will you say about that, Mr. Duncombe?" she asked.

"Modern Hinduism?" he repeated. "Well, you see, one great advantage is that I don't know anything at all about it. I have no prejudices or prepossessions. My mind is virgin soil. If the man instructs me properly, I will thank him; if he amuses me, I will thank him still more; but if he is a dull dog, I will arise and smite him in the eye."

"Oh, no, you can't do that," she interposed, "not for a year, at least."

Then it was Queen Tita's turn.

"Gout in its Relation to the Liver," she read out seriously. "Have you studied that subject, Mr. Duncombe?"

"Thank goodness, no!" our Reviewer exclaimed—heedless of the responsibilities of his craft; and then, he added, "Now, how is anyone to bring in lightning-flashes—coruscations—things of that kind—when you're writing about the liver?"



A multitude of ragged mudlarks.

promised to exercise leniency for a year, that was with regard to the authors of books, not their subjects. I may curse gout as much as I like, if I am civil to the man who writes about gout. In the same way, I may say what I like about these stage-critics—oh, don't I know the brutes!"

"Mr. Duncombe—Mr. Duncombe!" Queen Tita exclaimed. "I am really ashamed of you! That is not the mood in which you should set about examining a literary production, whatever its subject may be. Goodness gracious, you should be as calm, and dispassionate, and phlegmatic as an owl. I really don't think you should notice that pamphlet at all."

"But the interests of the public!" he exclaimed. "The interests of the public demand it! Besides, on that subject I've got about thirty aphorisms all ready—I'll stick them in as thick as plums in a pudding. Oh, I assure you I never expected to get such a chance."

He looked inquiringly at the pile of books over which the two women were hovering—as if it were a bran-pie. Queen Tita took up the next volume.

"Fluctuations in General Prices: their Cause and Cure," she read aloud, without any comment.

For a second the young man looked rather staggered.

"Yes, that is a facer," he remarked slowly. "Still, the humbly receptive mind may find something to say even about that."

"Shakespeare and Ben Jonson: A Comparative Study," she went on.

"Ah, well, there, now," he cried, brightening up at once, "there, now, is something I should like to write about. I don't care which side the man takes; I'll cut out my own line; I'll back the magic romanticism of Shakespeare against the realism of Ben Jonson at anything you like—a hundred to one—a hundred to nothing! Romanticism against realism—that's my tip; I know which has the strongest staying power. I'll back Dumas in the long run to knock Balzac into a cocked hat. Why—

but, hello, what's that?"

For indeed this elegant excursus in the domain of criticism—the Newer Criticism—was summarily cut short by the stoppage of the boat; and when one went out to see what the matter was, Captain Columbus, on the bank, was good enough to inform us that we were now near to Keynsham, which would be an opportune place for baiting the horse. We acquiesced in this arrangement; Columbus, the horse, and the Horse-Marine departed; and Murdoch, no longer wanted at the tiller, was summoned into the saloon to provide us with some snack of luncheon—that bundle of books being swept into a corner for the present.

Well, it was during this foregathering that Miss Peggy—listening to our random talk—was at length driven to confess that she thought she would be unable to go to the Highlands with us that autumn. Mrs. Threepenny-bit seemed somewhat startled; and looked at the girl curiously; it was clear that she suspected there might be occult reasons for this decision which it would be better not to inquire too curiously about. Indeed, when Miss Peggy was invited to give us some kind of excuse for this change of plan, her answer was vague enough.

"I want to know that I have a home," she said, with downcast eyes. "They have let me drift away too far. If I were once back in America, among my own people, I dare say I should soon be ready to start away again; but at present, I feel just a little lost."

So she went on with her nebulous explanations; and Mrs. Threepenny-bit listened; and said nothing. It was easy to divine that the small creature was distracted by very divergent hopes and desires. Was Peggy, then—after all the magnifying of the Highlanders and the Highland regiments, and her interest in the clans, and her pity for the misfortunes of Bonnie Prince Charlie—was Peggy to go away back to Brooklyn before her education was completed by a visit to Inverfask and the Western Isles? On the other hand—in view of certain contingencies—was it not entirely advisable that the girl should return to her own people forthwith, and remain in the clear atmosphere of America until certain cobwebs of Old-World romance had got blown out of her head? Driving in Prospect Park, or pacing the sands at Long Branch, she would soon forget that she had ever seen any particular fascination in the fancy of having a piper marching up and down outside the dining-room window, with the pipes screaming away at "Lord Breadalbane's March" or "Wha'll be King but Charlie?"

But this mild balancing and "swithering" was very different from the energetic protest of Colonel Cameron.

"Why, Miss Rosslyn, I have been looking on it as a definite engagement that you two ladies should pay a visit to Inverfask this autumn. I don't think I can let you off. I have been planning excursions—indeed, the whole thing is arranged; and I cannot allow you to treat me so badly as that. Oh, no, if you think of it, it is hardly fair."

She glanced at him rather timidly.

"I may be able to come back to England," she said vaguely.

"But you don't seem to have any special reason for returning to America just at present," said he.

"Well, no," she admitted; "not any very special reason, perhaps. It is more a feeling than anything else. I should like to know what is going on at home. And it seems to me that I have been an outcast and a vagrant long enough."

In this indeterminate fashion the matter was allowed to rest for the moment; but it was obvious that it was weighing on Sir Ewen Cameron's mind. He did not take the customary interest in our arrangements for starting again, when Columbus and the Horse-Marine had come back; and subsequently, when we had to get through one or two locks, he did not lend a hand as usual. A smurr of rain had come over; like the rest of us, he had put on a waterproof; and he merely stood in the stern-sheets, idly looking away over the wet landscape, and towards some low-lying hills that were as ghostly shadows behind the pall of grey mist. Nay, in one of the locks, when Miss Peggy had espied some clusters of the small purple toad-flax, and also an abundance of hart's-tongue fern, and expressed a wish to have some of these, it was Jack Duncombe who came to her aid. Colonel Cameron looked thoughtful and anxious; and paid but little heed to what was going on.

But by-and-by the afternoon began to clear. The clouds gradually lifted; and there were gleams of lemon yellow among the soft purples and greys. The still waters of the winding Avon mirrored every feature of the bank; and further off the skies were reflected too—a shimmer of silver here and there, a breadth of liquid lilac darkening almost to black under the trees; while over this glassy surface darted innumerable swifts and martens, busy in the still, warm, moist air. By this time, of course, waterproofs had been thrown aside; and as we came to a convenient landing-place, the boat was stopped and we got ashore—all but Jack Duncombe, who was eager to get at his books.

Now it was Sir Ewen Cameron who assisted Miss Peggy to step along the gangboard; and when she had reached the bank these two naturally went on together—at first walking pretty smartly so as to get ahead of the horse. Queen Tita was in no such hurry.

"What is taking that girl back to America?" she asks presently, looking away along the tow-path towards those two.

"Who can tell? She doesn't seem to know herself!"

"But perhaps she is right," this small person continues, rather wistfully. "Yes; even if it is only some vague kind of feeling. And if she was once over there, and were to come back, then we couldn't be held responsible for anything that might happen. Of course, I hope she will come back. It is very curious what a hold that girl gets over one, when once you know her well; how you can't help mixing her up with all your plans and forecasts; why, I declare, England wouldn't be half England to me if I didn't know that, sooner or later, I could look forward to seeing my Peggy again."

"Your Peggy!"

"Yes, indeed," she continues boldly. "Oh, anyone could see how all you men have been fighting for her good graces—for a word or a smile or a look; but she has kept to me all the time. Do you think she doesn't know what men are? I wish I could let you hear some of her confidences! Perhaps you would like to know?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, when I think of it, I don't believe you would."

"So that is her gratitude, is it, and her honesty? Pretending to be friends with everybody on board; and then, at night, in the secrecy of the ladies' cabin, making base revelations and sarcasms? Ordinary folk would say that that was the conduct of a sneak."

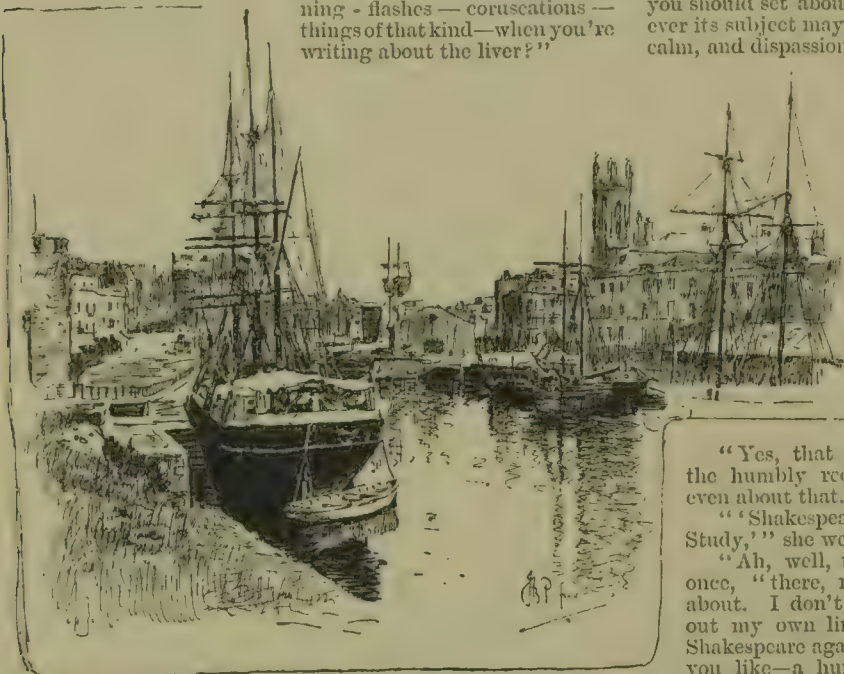
"She is not a sneak!" this infinitesimal firebrand exclaims, blazing up in a minute. "She is my dear friend; and I wish I knew many like her. Yes, I wish there were many women like her, in England, or America, or anywhere else. Oh, I know her faults. I know Peggy." And here Mrs. Threepenny-bit suddenly alters her manner, and laughs a little, to herself. "Yes—she's a wretch; and I can't deny it. But I love her, and that's all I have got to say about her."

And it was a good deal to say; for this Jenny-wren of a disciplinarian is accustomed to judge of her young women friends by a rather severe standard of conduct and aim. But then, again, as has been pointed out in these pages once or twice, Miss Peggy was rather pleasant-looking—in a kind of way, that is; and a bright complexion, a smiling mouth, and clear-shining eyes make for favour and leniency; besides which, she was a kind of solitary young creature, away from her native country and her friends, and, therefore, to be protected and regarded with gentleness. She had been called a White Pestilence, it is true; but that was in bygone days. And now that there was a chance of our losing her altogether, it was not only Mrs. Threepenny-bit who loathed the prospect: by what right were the United States of America about to take away from us our pretty Peggy?

Poor Peggy! She seemed most unusually grave when we had all to get on board again—for we were now drawing near to Bath. Not only that, but she appeared to be at once absent-minded and apprehensive: subsiding into a deep reverie from time to time, and yet anxiously responding to any remark addressed to her, so that her thoughtfulness might not be noticed. She had no further quips and questions about Jack Duncombe's bundle of books. She took some tea in



The people did not appear to be doing anything—they lounged about the bridge.



The Floating Harbour, Bristol.

"Be wise, instead," said Colonel Cameron. "An old doctor-friend of mine used to say that the liver was the conscience of the body, that told you when you had done anything wrong. Now, there is an axiom for you—couldn't you work that in?"

"I might, but if your doctor-friend were to come along and claim the copyright?"

"Poor fellow, he's not likely to do that," Sir Ewen answered, "his bones are at the bottom of the Red Sea."

"I'll jot it down anyway," said our Short-Noticer, thankfully. "May be it will come in. But I never undertook to become epigrammatic about gout. That wasn't in the contract. You'll have to give me an easier one. What's that, there, Miss Rosslyn?"—for Miss Rosslyn was grinning.

"I think you have a famous opportunity here," Miss Peggy said, "although it is only a pamphlet, 'The Modern Stage and its Critics.' Doesn't that give you a chance? I see names mentioned. You might wipe off some old scores."

"What?" he said indignantly. "Abuse a position of trust to serve private malice? Never! What do you take me for?"

"Ah," she said, "I perceive: you're one of themselves now."

"Nevertheless," said he thoughtfully—and he stretched out his hand for the pamphlet—"it is just possible one might have a public duty to fulfil. I wonder if Biddles is mentioned—or MacMurtough, of the *Whack*—or poor old Tommy Knowles, who can hardly hold up an opera-glass with his gouty fingers."

"Look at him!" said Mrs. Threepenny-bit, in an awe-struck aside. "Look at the baleful fire gathering in his eyes!"

"I don't say," he continued loftily, "that I would have asked to be allowed to review this pamphlet. No. There is nothing more loathsome and contemptible than malice—private malice—striking with coward hand in the dark; and you would naturally avoid even any semblance of that. But supposing you have a public duty to perform—in the interests of the stage—and if these fellows have been making use of their opportunities to air their aversions and prejudices and venal favouritism—"

"Then the Lord has delivered them into your hand," Sir Ewen said, in a kind of joyful fashion, as if he sniffed the battle from afar. "I am more interested in that review than in any of the others: I hope we shall all have a chance of seeing it before the party breaks up."

"And then, again," the young man continued, "when I

silence. And then these two women-folk had to be left by themselves; for we were now getting to the end of the day's voyage; and Captain Columbus, outside, was awaiting orders.

The approach to the beautiful Queen of the West, by the valley of the Avon, is disappointing in the extreme; indeed, the slums here are about as bad as those of the Totterdown suburb of Bristol. Our appearance in these squalid outskirts was the signal for a mighty flutter of excitement; from all quarters there came rushing a multitude of ragged mudlarks—between five and fifteen their ages seemed for the most part to range—not one of whom, as far as we could see, was possessed of cap or bonnet; and these formed our ever-increasing escort as we slowly passed along the muddy waters. Nor was the general perturbation confined to those on foot; everywhere windows were thrown open, and dishevelled heads thrust out; there were calls from this house to that; and echoing answers from below. When at last we stopped at one of the quays—amid the cranes, and piles of wood, and coal, and what not—the crowd grew greater than ever; and it was all that Murdoch, armed with a boathook, could do to keep those betattered arabs from swarming over the roof of the house.

It was abundantly manifest that here was no abiding place for us; again—and for the last time on this trip—we should have to sleep ashore, and so, when a few things had been put into the various hand-bags, we set off, a small procession, through the streets of Bath, putting up at a hotel where, notwithstanding our suspicious want of luggage, we were made fairly welcome and furnished with rooms.

"This will be the last of the towns, anyway," Jack Duncombe said—as if by way of general apology. "To-morrow we shall be off into the wilds again; and nothing more will be heard of us until we appear in the Thames."

And then again, while we were at dinner, he said—

"Don't you think that now we are in Bath, we should devote the evening to fashion and frivolity? Supposing we call for chans, and go off to the play; or perhaps there is a ball at the Assembly Rooms—with all the great folk there. I'll tell you what I should like to see as we were going in—we might just come upon them—the young lady, very pretty, of course, with high-waisted muslin dress, fan, and a feather or two in her hair—the young gentleman in long-tailed coat, ruffles, and rosettes; and she is all palpitation and fright, and he is all courage and devotion, as he wraps her cloak round her and puts the hood over her head. Then, you must imagine the chariot, and horses, and postillion just round the corner; the young lady trips along, and pops in, her spark following; and then hey! for Gretna-green. That's what I would call an incident, now—Gretna-green in a ball-dress—there's some romance in that. But when we came through those dull and dead and sombre streets this evening who could have believed that anything of the kind ever happened in Bath?"

We did not go to either ball or play; but perhaps it was to be in sympathy with the spirit and traditions of the place that, a little later on, when the table had been cleared, cards were produced, and a mild game of vingt-et-un begun. It was with some difficulty that Miss Peggy—who was still unaccountably reserved in manner and *distracte*—was induced to join; but Jack Duncombe would take no denial: accordingly, when she drew in her chair, she seized the first opportunity that presented itself of smuggling half-a-dozen of the cards into her lap. It was her usual custom—when she happened to be at the end of the table, and could make sure of friendly connivance. With this repertory to draw from, she seldom had much difficulty in making up the coveted twenty-one; so that her success at the game had become proverbial.

Now, some people would say that this was cheating; but that is taking a very shallow and superficial view of a serious subject. For what nobler aim can inspire the mind than to redress the inequalities of Fortune, and mitigate her harsh decrees? At this game of vingt-et-un, when you are dealt a ten and a two, everyone knows that, if you call for a third card, the spiteful fates will almost certainly crush you with another ten. But what if you can—without asking for any third card—simply drop the two into your lap, and replace it with an ace? Or if you happen to have fourteen in your hand, and are dealt a nine as an additional card, why should you not drop that nine if you have a seven in your lap? You are defeating the maleficent spirits who preside over games of chance. You are probably teaching a wholesome lesson to the other players: there will be the less likelihood of their becoming confirmed gamblers. It is true that it is only your own evil fortune that you amend; but doesn't the world get on very well on the principle that each man must do the best possible for himself? Everybody can't win; but by this simple expedient you make sure of one winning; and why not yourself as well as another? If the spectacle of a good man struggling with adversity be grateful to the gods, how much more the spectacle of a good man rising triumphant? Magnanimity, not selfishness, springs up and blossoms in the soul of those who hold good cards at vingt-et-un. How often has the present writer beheld a young lady—who shall be nameless—surreptitiously convey to her nearest neighbour, a six, or a five, or a three—just as he happened to want it—instead of meanly seeking to secure all the stakes for herself?

But on this particular evening, Miss Peggy would seem to have abstracted these cards chiefly as a matter of custom—or perhaps to save trouble to the dealer; at all events, she played in a perfunctory manner, and as one who had but little heart in the game. She did not even take the trouble to win. It was Queen Tita who was winning most; and Mr. Duncombe who was losing most. At last the latter said to the former—

"I'm afraid I must trouble you to sell me a couple of dozen."

But Colonel Cameron interposed:

"Oh, no; here, I will lend you a dozen"—and he told off the counters and shovelled them over: whereupon the younger man observed—rather neatly, as we thought—"Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!" and he therewith scooped together the bits of bone.

It was at this point Miss Peggy rose, begging to be excused from further play.

"Here, Mr. Duncombe," said she, "if you are losing, I bequeath you all my wealth. And I hope you will all win."

She went and got a book, and ensconced herself in an easy-chair—rather turning her back on us, indeed, so that the gas-light should strike on the page. But perhaps it was not to read that she had thus forsaken the card-table? That night, before we separated, the humble chronicler of these events had a small folded note covertly handed to him; and, subsequently opening it, he found it to contain these words—

"Shall you be down early to-morrow morning? I want to say something very particular to you—in private.—PEGGY."

Poor Peggy! Was it the thought of going away across the wide Atlantic again that was pressing heavily on her heart?

(To be continued.)

NEW TALE BY MR. BESANT.

A Serial Story, "For Faith and Freedom," by Mr. Walter Besant, will be commenced in our Number for July 7, the First of a New Volume, and be continued weekly to its close.

MAGAZINES FOR JUNE.

The Universal Review.—The first number of this new periodical, bearing date May 15, demands precedence of those issued for June. It is handsomely printed on large pages with ample margin, and is decked with a crimson cover. It contains many fine engravings; those of full-page size from designs by Sir F. Leighton, Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, and Mr. F. Sandys, and numerous small drawings by some of the cleverest artists of the day, frequently symbolical, rather than directly representative, of the topics discussed by the literary contributors. These, as well in the timeliness and substantive interest of the subjects treated here, as by the known ability of the writers, present an effective array. The editor, Mr. Harry Quilter, a recognised art-critic, comments on the Royal Academy Exhibition. Sir Charles Dilke again takes up his elaborate survey of the chances of war in Europe. Mrs. Emily Crawford, who knows Paris, and who also knows General Boulanger, acutely examines his actual position with reference to French politics. Mrs. Lynn Lynton analyses the novels of Zola: but this is very disagreeable reading. The Earl of Pembroke sets forth his views, which are moderate and practical, of a Reform of the House of Lords. There are two French contributors, one of whom, M. Louis De Fourcaud, in his own language, reports an eloquent oration delivered at a Paris café, by a veteran musician, on Balzac's sympathetic insight into the capabilities of the art of music. The other, M. Alphonse Daudet, whom we should have preferred to read likewise in his own French, instead of a translation, begins to relate the biography of Leonard Astier-Rehu, "one of the Forty," author of several important works of modern French history. Mr. Verrall's essay on Martial shows classical scholarship, and an original estimate of the condition of society under the Roman Empire. Those concerned in "English investments" may possibly get useful hints from the treatise on "American Securities." Poetry is to have its place: Mr. Lewis Morris, in a dignified and impressive "Proem" of sixteen telling stanzas, pleads for combining the graces of art with deliberation on grave and anxious themes. A version, by Sir Edwin Arnold, of the poem called, "What the Skull Spake," from the Persian of Saadi, is among the contents of the *Universal Review*.

Nineteenth Century.—On "the question of Imperial safety," three distinguished experts of the art of war, General Sir Edward Hamley, Colonel Hozier, and Lord Charles Beresford, deliver their testimony concerning the state of our military and naval forces, and the desired reform of the Admiralty. The Russian philanthropic Socialist, Prince Kropotkin, surveys the depressed condition of agricultural industry in Europe. A well-informed account of the scientific physiological researches and disease-preventing experiments of Pasteur, by Mrs. Priestley, is one of the most instructive articles. The poems of the late Archbishop Trench are reviewed by Mr. Aubrey De Vere. The characteristics of American statesmanship, down to the Presidency of Mr. Polk, occupy Mr. Goldwin Smith's political criticism in the second portion of his review of the past. The Countess of Galloway's description of modern Greece is bright and hopeful. An important article on the geographical bulwarks of the Indian North-west Frontier, and its greatly improved position for military defence, is contributed, with a map, by the Hon. G. N. Curzon, M.P. An American young lady, Miss Pearsall Smith, describes the Brynmawr Women's College, near Philadelphia, which seems to be judiciously managed. The French Ambassador, M. Waddington, explains the organisation and working of local government by elective councils in France.

Contemporary Review.—The provisions of the Local Government Bill affecting London are examined by Lord Hobhouse. Sunday amusements of the richer classes call forth a mild remonstrance from the Bishop of Ripon, so far as they impose Sunday labour on the working classes. In his view of the insecurity of the British Indian Empire, as having no basis of native support, Mr. Meredith Townsend may claim attention; but his pessimism with regard to the destiny of Asiatic nations, and his theory of race-characteristics, run to extreme lengths. Mr. Andrew Lang covers a disparaging review of "Robert Elsmere" with a protest against theological romances. The recent strictures on Darwin's opinions in natural philosophy draw forth a reply from Mr. G. J. Romanes. There are articles on the cruelties practised upon children sent to beg or to sell things in the streets, and on the exaggerated outcry against poor foreigners and Jews in London. The late Mr. Matthew Arnold is the subject of a critical essay, by Mr. H. D. Traill, and of a short poem by Mr. Michael Field. Mr. Henry Dunckley exposes the irresponsible maladministration of the War Office, the Horse Guards, and Admiralty. The commentary on French affairs, by M. G. Monod, is unpleasantly flavoured with personal censoriousness.

Fortnightly Review.—"Can we hold our own?" is, of course, an article on the strength of our national defences. Mr. Algernon Swinburne flourishes his rapier of scornful irony in the face of Mr. Whistler's theory of art. Professor Dowden commences a philosophical and critical study of Goethe with an analysis of the ethical significance of "Wilhelm Meister." The licensing clauses of the Local Government, with reference to compensation for loss of local traffic, are opposed by Cardinal Manning and Archdeacon Farrar. Mr. Oswald Crawford gives us another pleasant description of rural life in Portugal. The political influence of celebrated women in France, from Queen Blanche of Castille to the Empress Eugénie, is historically reviewed by Mrs. Lynn Lynton. Dr. W. H. S. Aubrey, just now a Liberal candidate for a seat in Parliament, examines the most urgent social problems apparent in the actual condition of the United States. Lord Carnarvon, having lately visited the Cape Colony, with whose affairs, and those of South Africa generally, he had much to do as a Minister, writes on them in a wise and candid spirit.

National Review.—The constitution of the House of Lords is still under discussion: Lord Wolmer gives utterance to the complaint of those eldest sons of Peers who cannot get into the House of Commons; Mr. A. Burney parades a list of brilliant services rendered to their country by the hereditary aristocracy. Mr. Goldwin Smith's views of Canadian politics are controverted by the Hon. Lionel Holland. There is an interesting memoir of Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, known as "Carmen Sylva," to the literary world. The working of the Poor-law, the "creed of the poor," and the position of women in the labour market, are examined by several lady writers. The career of Mr. Gladstone as a Finance Minister is reviewed by Mr. Francis Hitchman in a hostile spirit. Mr. A. Baumann, M.P., points out certain features of the proposed establishment of a London County Council under the Local Government Bill.

Westminster Review.—A Liberal opponent, finding fault with the Ministerial scheme, has apparently some ground for his contention that it fails to improve the management of parish affairs. The life and character of Montaigne will always be a theme of literary interest. The Papal Rescript concerning Irish Land League practices is just now one of political importance. The working of the London School Board is minutely described. M. Yves Guyot, a member of the Chamber of

Deputies, shows the hollowness and triviality of the Boulangist movement in France. The destructive inundations of the Hwang-Ho, or Yellow River, of China, are the topic of one article. Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., as a Unionist Liberal, discourses of Irish politics. Contemporary events and new books are carefully noticed.

Blackwood's Magazine.—The story of "A Stiffnecked Generation" proceeds from its tenth to its thirteenth chapter. The Tonga and Samoa islands of the South Pacific, with their natives, are described by Mr. Coutts-Trotter. A plan of technical instruction in agriculture is propounded by Mr. T. Innes, late chairman of the school-board of a rural parish in Scotland. A memoir of Mrs. Somerville, the accomplished female student of mathematical, astronomical, and physical science, who died in 1872, in her ninety-second year, should be encouraging to advocates of the higher education of women. The famous naval battle of Aboukir Bay, in 1798, has been recalled to remembrance, in a practical way, by Mr. Ponsonby's submarine researches, and by his discovery of the remains of the French ship *L'Orient*, sunk in those waters. Mr. Philip Bagenal discusses the effect of the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church with regard to the Irish Land League. The balance of military power in Asia is the subject of an article by a writer easily identified. Six sonnets, by the Earl of Rosslyn, on the scenery of the Austrian Tyrol, are good Wordsworthian poetry.

Murray's Magazine.—Sir Charles Warren is a high authority on the affairs of South Africa, and he supports the views of the Rev. John Mackenzie, to which notice was recently directed. The opinions of more than twenty chairmen and deputy-chairmen of County Sessions, with regard to some provisions of the Local Government Bill, were certainly worth collecting and publishing. The London and South-Western Railway, in its turn, is described by Mr. W. M. Acworth, after the London and North-Western, Midland, and Great Western. Mrs. Bishop (Miss Isabella Bird) continues her account of a tour of agrarian inspection in Ireland, and is now in the wilds of Kerry. A former pupil at a Girls' High School complains of burthensome mistakes in the teaching at those institutions. Professor Lloyd Morgan's essay on bats, called "flittermice," will be pleasing to lovers of natural history. The tales of "Jack's Father," by Mr. W. E. Norris, and "A Counsel of Perfection," by Lucas Malet, are finished.

Macmillan's Magazine.—"The Reverberator," Mr. Henry James's current story of Americans in Paris, arrives at the disagreeable experience of an innocent private family having its affairs shown up in a vile French journal of personal scandal. The recent edition of Charles Lamb's letters, by Canon Ainger, is the theme of Mr. Augustine Birrell's congenial comment. Mr. William Wordsworth, near relative, we hope, of the poet of Rydal, contributes a beautiful little poem on Capri. The vain and premature project of "Imperial Federation" is denounced by Mr. B. R. Wise, late Attorney-General of New South Wales, as rash and likely to do harm in Australian public opinion. The Bulgarian monastery of Rilo is described by Mr. T. W. Legh, M.P.; and Mr. W. F. Hubbard furnishes a sketch of Spanish South American life in the country near Buenos Ayres. Mr. Walter Pater's historical portraiture of Gaston De Latour, a French nobleman of the sixteenth century, and the article on the life of Thomas à Kempis, are truthfully filled up with details.

Cornhill Magazine.—The concluding second part of "The Eavesdropper," a story of magical invisibility of the person, leaves us not much gratified with its appeal to the sense of wonder. "John Huxford's Hiatus," by Dr. Arthur Conan Doyle, nephew of the late Richard Doyle, artist, is a short tale of humble, honest, manly life, told with forcible directness, and of touching interest. The experiences of a passenger in a German emigrant-ship to Montevideo are related with evident truthfulness. A rustic labourer's feelings on being "turned off," after many years' service of a noble landlord, and having to go to the workhouse, are expressed in rugged verse, but in a meek and gentle spirit. The author of "Demos" and "Thyrza" continues his story, "A Life's Morning." Badgers and foxes, or their habits, are described in a naturalist's notes.

Time.—The Hon. Mrs. Drummond gives a favourable account of the "work and workers" of the Salvation Army. A friendly memorial of the late Matthew Arnold, by Mr. George Russell, does full justice to his personal and literary merits. The genius and spirit of Hans Christian Andersen, and the qualities of his writings, are examined by Mrs. Molesworth with high appreciation. Mr. H. Jephson exposes the growing extravagance of election oratory, canvassing, and circulation of political leaflets. The short tale of Josiah House, the simple Upton farmer, and of the French lady who fell at his door perishing in a snowstorm, and who was taken for a witch after her recovery, is droll and amusing. "Kopetua the Thirteenth," by Mr. Julian Corbett, is an exciting imaginative romance, with a hidden satirical or didactic purpose, which will perhaps be fully revealed when the story is completed.

The contents of the following magazines, English Illustrated, Temple Bar, Belgravia, London Society, Gentleman's Magazine, The Argosy, Woman's World, and *Atlantia*, seem of fair average quality. The Theatre, edited by Mr. Clement Scott, is adorned with portraits of Madame Christine Nilsson and M. Marius. The American magazines, Harper's Monthly, The Century, Scribner's, and the Atlantic Monthly, deserve the favour with which they are received in this country. Myra's Journal of Fashion, with its Half-yearly Budget, the *Moniteur de la Mode*, the Ladies' Treasury, The Season, Le Follet, The Ladies' Gazette of Fashion, and other well-known periodicals, demand acceptance for June.

Avery MacAlpine's new novel "Broken Wings" has just been published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

Messrs. Cassell and Co.'s sixth annual exhibition of drawings by modern artists will be held in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, until June 22, inclusive. The private view was on June 6.

The Belgian National Society of the Red Cross have conferred the honour of membership, with the Cross of Merit, upon Mr. C. B. Harness. Mr. Harness has also recently been elected President of the British Association of Medical Electricians.

A festival performance (one day) is announced to take place at Peterborough on June 7, conducted by Dr. H. Keeton, organist of the cathedral; several well-known solo vocalists are engaged, and there will be a full band and chorus. Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" and "Hymn of Praise" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater" are to be performed.

A drawing-room entertainment, under distinguished patronage, was given on June 7, at 21, George-street, Hanover-square, by permission of Mrs. Brewer, in aid of the "Girl's Own" Convalescent Home; the first part being Mr. Myles B. Foster's graceful cantata "Cinderella," sung and acted by ladies; and the second part consisting of amusing personations of popular advertisements. This entertainment will be repeated on Thursday evening, June 14, at St. George's Institute, Little Grosvenor-street, in aid of the St. George's Melanesian Fund.



TIFLIS, THE CAPITAL OF THE RUSSIAN CAUCASUS AND OF THE TRANS-CASPIAN PROVINCES.

OPENING OF THE RAILWAY TO SAMARCAND.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 15, 1887), with two codicils (one bearing the same date as the will and the other Jan. 4, 1888), of Lady Christian Maule, late of Park House, Wimbledon, who died on March 21 last, was proved on May 25 by Major Thomas Young, George Dalhousie Ramsay, C.B., and Arthur Ramsay Macdonald, the nephews, and Major-General Robert John Hay, C.B., the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £84,000. The testatrix bequeaths £12,500 to her friend Anne Catherine Christina Fletcher Campbell; and legacies, from £5000 downwards, to numerous nephews and nieces. There are also legacies to other relatives, to indoor and outdoor servants, and others. The residue of her property she gives to her said nephew Thomas Young. The deceased was a sister of the eleventh Earl of Dalhousie.

The will (dated July 4, 1887) of Mr. William Martin, late of Tonbridge, Kent, who died on April 1 last, was proved on May 28 by Frederick Martin, the son, and George Dryden Carr, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £64,000. The testator leaves £200 to his wife, Mrs. Ann Martin; his house, Dry Hill Park, Tonbridge, to his wife, for life, and then to his daughter, Mrs. Ann Monckton; his household furniture and effects, upon trust, for his wife, for life; £10,000, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children; £7000, upon trust, for each of his five daughters, and their respective surviving husbands and issue; £100 to each of his executors; and £100 to each of his children. The residue of his property he gives to his three sons, William, Thomas, and Frederick.

The will (dated March 21, 1884) of Colonel Edward Thomas Coke, 5th Battalion Sherwood Foresters (Derbyshire Regiment), J.P., D.L., late of Debdale Hall, Notts, who died on Feb. 26 last, was proved on April 27, at the Nottingham District Registry, by Lieutenant-Colonel John Talbot Coke, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £52,000. The testator bequeaths £200 to his wife, Mrs. Diana Talbot Coke, and he makes up her jointure, with what she is entitled to receive under their marriage settlements, to £600 per annum; and there are legacies to his children, to a niece and goddaughter, and to his gardener and domestic servants. He recites the various provisions already made for his younger children, and makes further provision for them. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his eldest son, John Talbot Coke.

The will (dated July 27, 1885) with a codicil (dated Jan. 24, 1888) of Mr. Alfred Seymour, J.P., D.L., formerly M.P., late of Knoyle House, Wilts, who died on March 15 last, was proved on May 24 by Mrs. Isabella Seymour, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £41,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture, pictures (except some family pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and Sir Peter Lely, which are made heirlooms), certain plate, and the effects at Knoyle House, to his daughter, Jane Margaret, and legacies to his trustees. The manor-house and twenty-eight acres of land of the Trent estate he leaves to his wife, for life. All his freehold and leasehold property, the money at the Shaftesbury branch of the National Provincial Bank, and the residue of his property he settles to the use of his said daughter, for life, with remainder to her first and other sons according to seniority in tail male. His horses and carriages, two freehold houses in Cromwell-place, his freehold house in Chesterfield-gardens (subject to the mortgages thereon), and the residue of his personal estate, except the securities under an indenture of 1847, he gives to his wife.

The Scotch Confirmation of the trust disposition and codicils (dated, respectively, June 22, 1871; April 4, 1881; and April 12, 1882) of Admiral Sir William Edmonstone, Bart., C.B., D.L., formerly M.P. for Stirlingshire, of Dantreath and Kilsyth, late of No. 11, Ainslie-place, Edinburgh, who died on Feb. 18 last, granted to Dame Mary Eliza or Elizabeth Parsons or Edmonstone, the widow, the Rev. John Francis Kitson, Alexander Robert Duncan, and Andrew Graham Murray, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on May 26, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £38,000.

The will (dated Feb. 4, 1881), with a codicil (dated Jan. 18, 1888), of Mr. Binford Sellwood, late of Collumpton, Devon, who died on Feb. 6 last, has been proved by Frank Sellwood, the brother, and James Girdlestone, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £35,000. The testator bequeaths £15,000, upon trust, for the widow and children of his late brother Charles; an annuity of £100 to each of his sisters, Mary and Ellen; £100 to each of his trustees; £500 each to the two daughters of his relative Mrs. Maunders; and £500 to be divided, at the discretion of his trustees, among his servant's or those pensioned by him. His share and interest in the advowson of Collumpton, and of the lands purchased therewith, and in the advowsons of Heanton-Punchardon, and Willand, Devon, he gives to his said brother, the Rev. William Hagger Barlow, the Rev. Thomas Graham, and the Rev. Handley Carr Glyn Moule, as joint tenants, for their absolute use. All his real estate, either wholly within, or partly within and partly without, Collumpton, including the Kingsmill property, and his share and interest in the tan-yards, he gives to his said brother. The whole residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to apply the capital and income at one time, or from time to time, and in such manner as his trustees shall think most likely to promote the progress of true and spiritual religion according to the divine doctrines of the Bible; but not less than £500 is to be allotted to maintaining in repair Collumpton parish church.

The will (dated Dec. 19, 1885), with a codicil (dated Jan. 19, 1886), of the Rev. Nicholas James Ridley, late of Hollington House, near Newbury, in the county of Southampton, and of No. 7, Cambridge-square, Hyde Park, who died on March 15 last, was proved on May 11 by Arthur William Ridley, the son, and Arthur Richmond Farrer, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £20,000. The testator leaves his residence, No. 7, Cambridge-square, with the furniture and effects, to his wife, Mrs. Frances Ridley, for life; he also leaves her, so long as she is desirous of using the same, Hollington House, with the furniture and effects, conditionally on her paying a fair rent to his son Henry Matthew; £25 to the Vicar of Woolton Hill, Hants, to distribute among the poor and sick of such parish; £2500 to his son Arthur William; and legacies to his three daughters, executors, servants (domestic and otherwise), labourers, and others. Subject to the interest given to his wife, he gives Hollington House, with the furniture and effects, and all his real estate to his said son Henry Matthew. His estate in Ceylon and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his four sons, Walter Colborne, James Francis, Alfred Bayley, and Reginald Oliver.

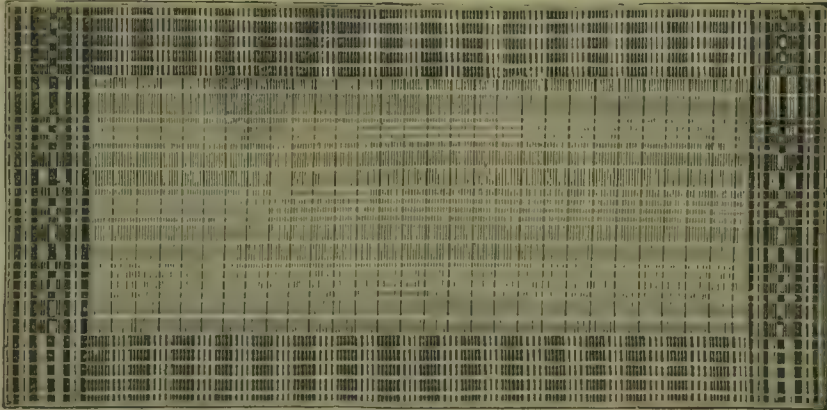
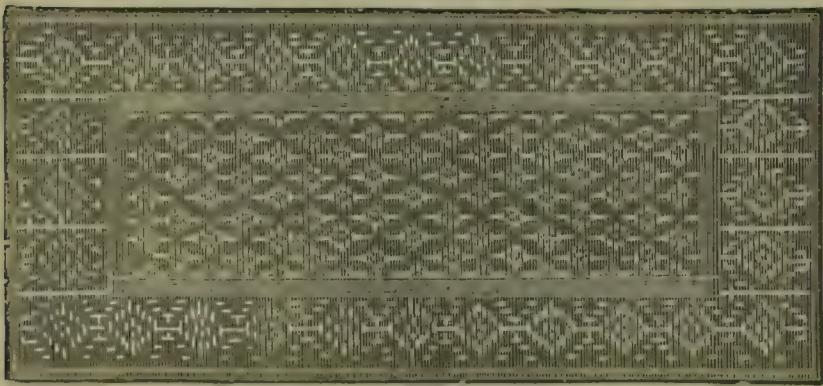
Probate of the will (dated Jan. 18, 1888), with one codicil (made March 21, 1888) of Mr. Charles Cook, late of No. 1, Hill-street, Peckham, Surrey, who died on March 25 last, has been granted to the executors, Mr. George Thorp, of Lower Clapton, and Mr. Walter Mankelov, of Peckham, the personalty being valued at £6273 9s. 4d.

TIFLIS.

The opening of the railway which has been constructed by the Russian Imperial Government, across the wild and mostly desert regions of Central Asia, from the eastern shore of the Caspian all the way to Samarcand, the ancient capital of the Tartar Kings, is an event of historic, and perhaps also romantic, interest. Samarcand, the chief town of Zarafshan, to the east of Bokhara, and south-west of the more important Russian city of Tashkend, is situated about midway between the river Oxus, the Amoo Daria, and the Syr Daria, the ancient Jaxartes, at the termination of the plains of Turkestan, at the foot of a western spur of the Altai mountain range, nine hundred miles east of the Caspian Sea. It has now about 35,000 inhabitants; but its trade and population will be increased, probably, by making it the future seat of the Russian provincial government, instead of Tashkend. The fame of Samarcand is associated with two great military conquerors; the Macedonian Alexander, who led his army there, defeated the Scythians, and killed his friend Clitus in a fit of drunken rage, before establishing the Kingdom of Bactria south of the Oxus; and the still more formidable Tamerlane, who made Samarcand the capital of his vast empire. The buildings erected by Tamerlane or his successors—the sumptuous mosque of Shah Zindeh, several Mohammedan colleges, and the remains of his palace and of his sepulchre—are notable monuments of the mighty Tartar reign.

The superior direction of the affairs of the Trans-Caspian provinces is conducted from Tiflis, the old capital of Georgia, now of the Russian province of the Caucasus, on the western side of the Caspian. We give a View of this city, from a sketch by our well-known Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, who visited it on his way to accompany Sir Peter Lumsden's Afghan Boundary Commission. The city of Tiflis is on the highway from Russia to Central Asia. With the exception of a hundred and fifty miles, from Vladikavkas to Tiflis, the railway system is complete through and from Russia to Baku, from which place the steamer crosses the Caspian to Ossoun Ada, which is the new terminus of the Trans-Caspian Railway; and Samarcand is the eastern end, the railway running about one thousand miles. Tiflis derives its name from the mineral waters of a number of hot springs, which have long been used as baths, and the domes of these baths are a feature in the foreground of our View; which is taken looking west, and gives a glimpse of the white peaks of the "frosty Caucasus." The river passing through is the Kur, the ancient "Cyrus," which flows into the Caspian. In the central part of the town is a wild, rocky gorge, crossed by two narrow bridges (visible in our Artist's sketch), through which the yellow waters of the Kur rush fiercely past below. Tiflis is supposed to date as far back at least as 469 A.D., when the Georgian Kings made it their capital. Overlooking the city are the extensive ruins of a fine old stronghold, which belonged to the Bagratides, the name of the old Royal family, who claim a descent from the Kings of Israel, including Solomon and David, and who reigned in Georgia from 575 A.D. till the year 1800, when Russia occupied the country. Their descendants now live in St. Petersburg and Moscow, and one fell at the battle of Borodino. On the sides of the hill, below the castle, are clusters of tumbledown but picturesque houses; these belong to the Persian population, who are principally employed in the silk manufacture, Tiflis being celebrated for its silkworms. The population of Tiflis is varied; it includes all the races from Constantinople to the Caspian, and from Moscow to Teheran; and the new railway is now adding to this polyglot collection of peoples.

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4ft. 6in. by 2ft. 3in.	...	"	3s. 0d. "
5ft. 3in. by 3ft. 0in.	...	"	3s. 6d. "
6ft. 0in. by 3ft. 0in.	...	"	4s. 0d. "
6ft. 0in. by 4ft. 6in.	...	"	5s. 6d. "

FANCY MATS.

3ft. 0in. by 2ft. 3in.	...	at	1s. 0d. each.
4ft. 6in. by 2ft. 3in.	...	"	1s. 3d. "
4ft. 6in. by 3ft. 0in.	...	"	1s. 9d. "
6ft. 0in. by 3ft. 0in.	...	"	2s. 0d. "
6ft. 0in. by 4ft. 6in.	...	"	2s. 6d. "

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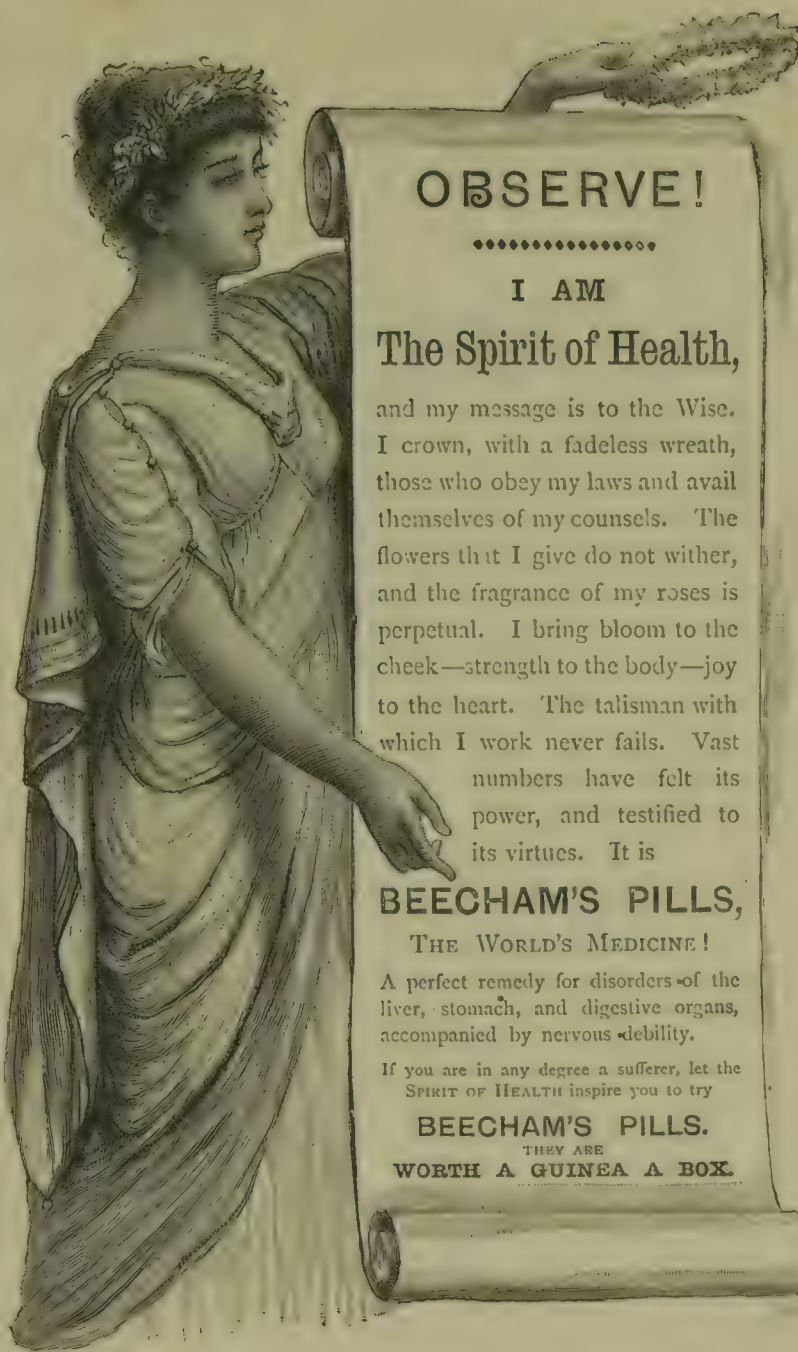
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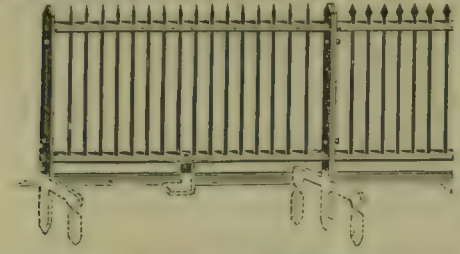
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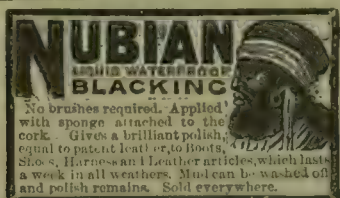
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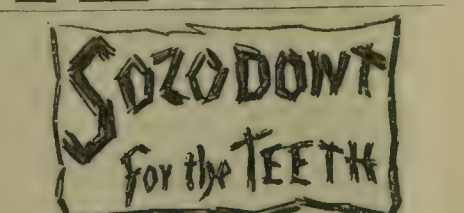
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ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XIII. KNOLE PARK.

II



MONTBARD.



IV

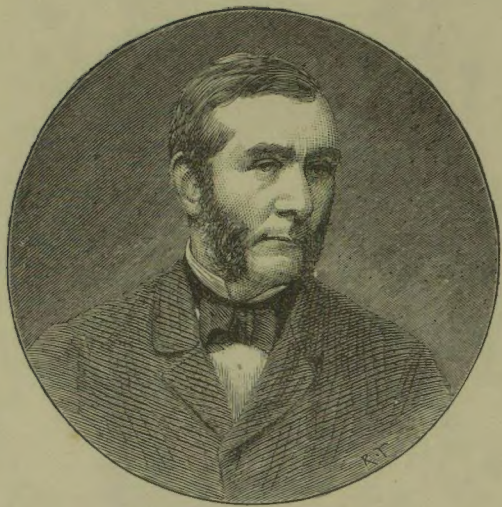


V

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XIII.

Knole Park.



LORD SACKVILLE.

A-TOP of a breezy Kentish hill—a mountain to the astonished voyager from London, only three-and-twenty miles away—is perched quaint, ancient Sevenoaks, timbered and gabled still; a little town which ends abruptly in a set of prim, grey old alms-houses.

But before this end is reached, a turning from the High-street—just opposite the great Perpendicular church by the roadside—dips down into a little valley, and a high-walled lane leads you to where among the shadowy trees stand the lodge-gates of Knole Park. Within is a valley to right and left; a hill rolls up before you, a mass of dark trees lies above; and through them winding paths, whereof that on the left takes you, somewhat steeply, up to a plain of green. Across this there stands, grey and gabled, an old house, behind a row of stately sentry-trees.

It is a plain, old-fashioned place, with a something quaint about it. Four rounded gables, right and left, flank a square, lofty gate-house, a tower at each corner. The plain walls are only relieved by the lines of simple three-light windows; great stacks of chimneys stand out over the roofs, and a little steeple behind the gate-tower. For the colour of the house, it is a warm darkish grey, with roofs and chimneys of a deep dull red. From the high doorway and the great old-time iron knocker, nothing is newfangled, nothing jars; there are not even the usual unpicturesque modern lamp-posts at the gate.

So stands Knole, or the main front of it—large, it is true, yet deceptive in its seeming simplicity. For who should attempt to describe it in any reasonable space would soon say, with Bottom, "Man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say" what the explorer of Knole has seen. Many a great old house has its courtyards, inner and outer; its staircases, great and less; its suites of state-rooms and of private rooms; but at Knole there are twelve courts, there are eighty-four staircases, there are three hundred and twelve rooms! In the days of the window tax, it was paid here on three hundred and sixty-five windows—one for every day of the year.

There are the Green Court, the Stone Court, the Pheasant Court, the Water Court; there are King John's Wing, the Colonnade Front; the Leicester Gallery, the Reformers' Gallery, the Cartoon Gallery; there are Lord George's Passage, the Black Boy's Passage, the Parlour Passage, the Tapestry Passage; while of famous rooms is no end—the King's Room, the Great Hall, the Venetian Ambassador's Room, the Crimson Drawing-room, Lady Betty's Bed-room, the Spangled Bed-chamber, the Priest's Room, and many and many another.

Here gathered and feasted and sparkled that wonderful assembly of wits in the bad and brilliant days of Charles II.: Dryden, Pope, Prior, Congreve, Wycherley, Butler, and Addison—the poets of two generations may be said to have met beneath this roof. At this very gateway "glorious John" Dryden alighted many a time; was escorted across the Green Court to the second gate-house, with its oriel window between two wide towers, and thence, after a comfortable cup of wine, to his room.

Where (amid the three hundred and twelve rooms) shall we bestow such an honoured guest? Perhaps we could hardly do better than give him the "Venetian Ambassador's Room."

For if, out of multitudinous Knole, I had to take one batch, so to speak—one set of rooms—and say, "These I find the most interesting; these have the most charm for me," I should choose the rooms which form a long T-shaped figure, whereof the shank is the Brown Gallery and the top the rooms which run along the End of the Seven Gables (as it is called, no doubt because there are eight), and to which is a cross-shaped pendant, at the left end of the top of the T, whose last room is this of the Venetian Ambassador.

There are in this cluster of rooms perhaps a dozen, great and small—and all delightful. From the long Brown Gallery, low and dim, two little chambers jut out: one at the very foot, down a step or two, a tiny roomlet, now fitted as an oratory—wainscoted, with coloured window, old furniture, and objects of devotion; the other, on the left of the gallery, and not far from its upper end, a charming wainscoted china-closet, bright and cool with its blue and white, and fragrant with rose-leaves heaped in high jars and open bowls.

Of the gallery itself and its pictures much might be said: the place, and those who people it, are so full of interest. The Reformers' Gallery, the Brown Gallery, the Picture Gallery—

all these are its names—is long and low and narrow. The ceiling is white, cross-banded with dark wood: the floor and sides are all of oak, whose dark panels give the gallery its most familiar name.

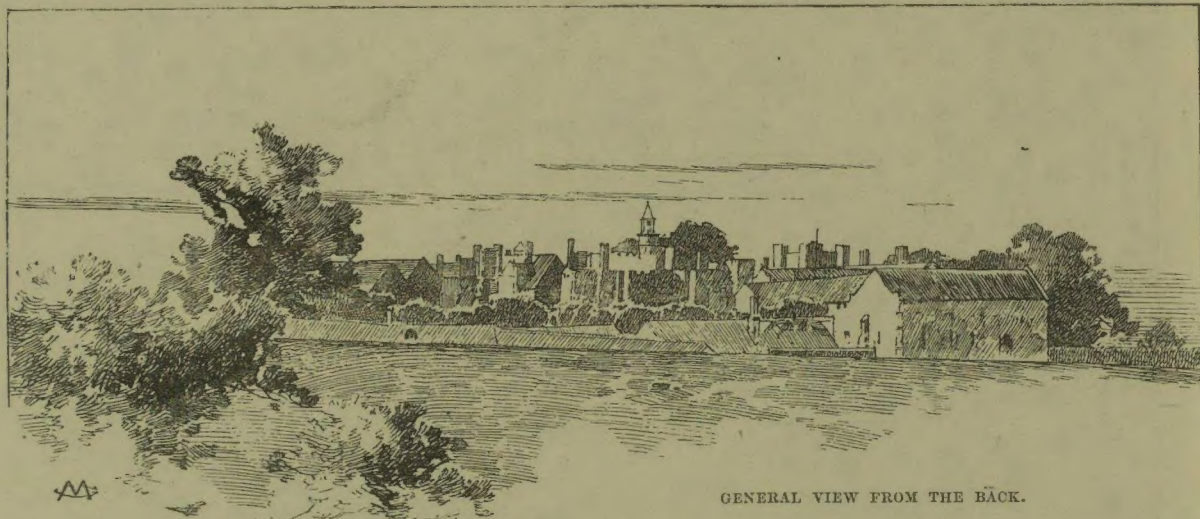
Along one side are small windows, in whose diamond panes are blazoned the bearings of ancient owners of Knole; down the other runs a double range of portraits, now arranged in chronological order. The pictures of the Reformers give the gallery its special interest—a curious portrait shows us Luther, Melancthon, and Pomeranus together—but there are many others, of men and women noted in our history; the majority, perhaps, being of or about the sixteenth century. Some are by Holbein, and many one might label "School of Holbein." Elizabeth is here, with most of her Ministers—one portrait gives a very ghastly presentment of her charms—and her sister Mary's plain but very interesting face. A picture of James I. is noticeable, and a very fine one of "Isabella Clara Eugenia, Governess of the Low Countries."

From the window at the end of the gallery is a pretty view of the quiet lawn, shut in by trees; and what a pleasant place for a bed-chamber is that, next door, of the room still pleasantly called Lady Betty's—with the picture-gallery and its mighty men for ghostly company, and the scented china-closet hard by, and the sight and the odours of the dewy garden below!

An article might be written on the beds of Knole. Lady Betty Germaine's is but the first of a magnificent series of examples of the old four-poster of state: very high—reaching sometimes to the ceiling—with heavy tapestry curtains, and high testers, and nodding plumes such as would gladden the heart of an undertaker. Two or three stiffly embroidered counterpanes—grand, but uncomfortable—are upon the bed: logs are piled on the hearth: all is ready for the visitor, and perhaps once in the year Lady Betty steps out of the frame of her curious portrait by Phillips, and comes here to spend the night, sitting and rubbing her ancient hands over the ghostly fire.

From the tapestry older faces still look down upon us—Vandyke and the Earl of Bristol, drawn by Vandyke himself; and in manuscript books upon the table are fairly copied out comic poems, whence, alas! the comedy has for the most part fled.

Next to the bed-room, and at the end of this wing, comes



GENERAL VIEW FROM THE BACK.

Lady Betty's pretty little dressing-room: very small, very quaint, very brown, but with a white ceiling: filled with odds and ends of antique furniture—a curious and massive looking-glass, a spinning-wheel, an hour-glass, some old stools; and on the walls old portraits, of faces of some note—whereof by no means the most pleasant is that of the Lady Pembroke, "learn'd and fair and good," whom Jonson made immortal.

Back again, across the Brown Gallery, one comes to the rooms which I have described as the left end of the cross-bar of the T; and first the Spangled Bedchamber (with its appurtenant dressing-room), in which, surely, nothing can be more charming than its name—a name which cannot have been invented, but must, Topsywise, have "grewed." Here the bed reaches full to the ceiling; there are heavy red curtains, and stools to match; the room is hung with tapestry, and has a fine chimney-piece of dark oak; and all the furniture was a present from James I. to Lionel, Earl of Middlesex, his Lord Treasurer, whose daughter the fifth Earl of Dorset married, and so inherited his furniture. In this room the portraits are few, but very fine—one of Cromwell is remarkable (though if we did not know that it was Cromwell we should probably remark nothing but his ugliness and his nose). In the Spangled Dressing-room are half-a-dozen Lelys; the best of the Knole Lelys, by-the-way, is the portrait of a lady of the highest notoriety—Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, best described in the words of the witty master of Knole in her day:—

Love is all gentleness and joy;
Smooth are his looks and soft his pace;
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
Who rubs his link full in your face!

After this dressing-room, we come to a little set of rooms which form a kind of cross—the Old Billiard-room at the top, the Venetian Ambassador's Bed-room at bottom, and between them the Leicester Gallery. The Billiard-room, with its quaint old table and its pictures, opens into this Leicester Gallery, which in fact forms with it one room of irregular shape. Here are fine paintings and some very curious furniture. A settee, said to be the first ever made, has been called by Ruskin also the most perfect; and there are a sofa and a rug, given to the Earl of Whitworth by Napoleon, and the chair in which James I. here sat to have his portrait painted.

Above the chair the portrait hangs: it is by a great artist, whose fame is perhaps hardly so great as his desert. Daniel Mytens would not seem to have been one who sowed broadcast, like Vandyke; but here at Knole are a full dozen of his works, and this Leicester Gallery glows with their rich and sober colour. Among the best is the portrait of Nicolo Molino,

the Ambassador from Venice, who slept in the adjoining room which we have—capriciously perhaps—assigned to Dryden. It was, however, certainly a chamber of honour, this—with its green velvet furniture, its pale tapestry, its heavy green and white hangings on the tallest of beds—for a little later it was prepared at a great expense for the reception of James II.: a Prince not to be put trust in, for he did not come.

The Venetian Ambassador's Dressing-room fills up the opposite corner of the cross we spoke of, and the corner of this wing of the house. It is an interesting room, with curious pictures—a "Death of Cleopatra" by Domenichino, a certain Queen of Cyprus by Giulio Romano—rather a haphazard collection, upon its wainscoted walls; old books, too, great bibles of the earliest days of printing; and an hour-glass, which the preachers of those terrible days were wont to turn over when they had reached "And seventeenthly!"

From this chamber is a very pretty look-out on a picturesque corner of the house—the laundry, with the laundry-court, and a green terrace that runs beside—and from other windows in this cluster of rooms one has fine and varied views of the gardens, the park, and the Kentish hills beyond. Indeed, King James II. did wrong not to come here; his Majesty would not have been ill-lodged.

Having taken such an unconscionable time to escort Mr. Dryden to his bed-chamber, let us waste no more in bringing him down-stairs to an apartment of yet greater interest in his eyes—the dining-room; well called the Poets' Room, from the splendid array of portraits that hang round it. Here look upon us Shakspeare's pleasant face, Beaumont and Fletcher, a very young Milton, the great actors Garrick and Betterton, Pope, the weak face of Prior, and even to Tom D'Urfey—taken by stealth (as the picture shows), for Tom did not wish his harsh features to be made common property.

And here, we may be sure, is glorious John himself; for Dryden was king of the company here in the Golden Age of English wit. In this room, no doubt, he gave that well-known verdict—when he was appointed judge of the impromptu to be written by all his company, and all cudgelled their brains, except the host, Lord Dorset. He carelessly wrote a dozen words on a scrap of paper and handed it to Dryden, who at once read aloud, as first prize, "*I promise to pay Mr. John Dryden, or order, five hundred pounds, on demand.*"

DORSET.

This dining-room of to-day, and of that day, was not the first nor the second there had been at Knole. The Great Hall, which still stands in all its glory, was, of course, once the dining-place of the Lord and all his retainers; and earlier yet it would seem that the grand old kitchen—with its lofty arched roof, its stone floor, walls of dark red, old oak furniture, and great hanging lantern—must have been the dining-hall.

The present Great Hall is a noble room, about seventy-five feet by twenty-seven, and nearly twenty-seven feet high. It keeps up its ancient state, as when the dais across its end marked the place of the Lord's table; along the sides stood the retainers' tables, one of which is still here. Right up to the

ceiling there stands a magnificent screen, of carved and coloured oak, which incloses the music-gallery, and cuts off—as the custom was—the passage for the servants. Arms of the ancient owners are carved upon its top, and coloured with heraldic accuracy: the cognizances of the family, we are told, are "a black ram's head, a white leopard rampant, pellette, the same sejant, holding a shield of Sackville, and a demi-red dragon rising from the waves."

Great portraits hang upon the panelled walls. The walls themselves, above the panels, are red; the ceiling is decorated with white on grey—a favourite combination at Knole; and, as in several other rooms, the stained glass of the windows is blazoned with armorial bearings. There are marble statues here, of which the chief has been christened Demosthenes—on what authority I know not—and was dug up from the bed of the Tiber. Skins are spread over the wooden tables; and by the hearth are great silver fire-dogs which bear the arms and initials of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, and were brought hither from Hever Castle, not far away, where lived Anne's father, Sir Thomas Boleyn. From the ceiling there hangs a huge lantern.

The grand staircase leads to the chief suite of rooms, the state apartments—if any one suite at Knole can be granted this invidious distinction. A beautiful staircase is a very delightful thing, and there is a great charm about this one; it is essentially elegant—if our friends the Americans have not made the word impossible—with its cool, delicate decorations of white on grey, and the light and graceful arches at its foot. There is a high balustrade, with a heraldic beast—I believe a leopard *affronté*—"sejant" on his post at a corner; and beside the staircase is a great assemblage of statuary.

Up-stairs we come to the Ball-room—a bright, white room, with a painted oak cornice, rich gold candelabra, and one of the fine marble chimney-pieces of Knole. The Ball-room is specially reserved for family portraits; here are Sackvilles and Dorsets, painted by Gainsborough, Romney, Kneller, Mytens, Hoppner—whose splendid Duchess of Dorset is unmistakably the belle of the ball.

Next is the Crimson Drawing-room, a treasure-house of pictures; it is often called the Sir Joshua Room, and contains many of Reynolds' masterpieces. Here are the "Fortune-Teller," Count Ugolino, the bright eyes of Mrs. Abington, and the very curious portrait of Dr. Johnson—apparently much earlier than the famous one in the National Gallery, in his own short-cut hair instead of a wig, and with his fingers curled as if he were playing on some imaginary musical instrument.

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XIII.



1. In the Middle of the Park. 2. Front View, from Distance. 3. The Park at the Entrance. 4. North Side of King John's Wing. 5. General View. 6. Side View of King John's Wing. 7. Crimson Drawing-room. 8. Entrance to the Interior in the Green Court. 9. The Pigeon-House. 10. Entrance-gate from Inside Court. 11. Stone Court.

KNOLE PARK, THE SEAT OF LORD SACKVILLE.

The Duke of Dorset bought these pictures from the painter, and the receipts for all of them are still preserved. The average price seems to have been about 400 gs., and they may emphatically be called a good bargain.

The Cartoon Gallery, which comes next, is described by its name. In a long, low, handsome corridor—whose decorated white ceiling contrasts strangely with a floor so old that its planks were hewed with an axe, not sawed—opposite a row of windows coloured with heraldic devices of the Sackvilles, there glow upon the walls the more splendid colours of a series of copies of the cartoons of Raffaele, painted by Mytens. Besides these there are portraits of the Earl of Surrey, by Holbein; of Sir Thomas More, and of Mary, Queen of Scots; and amid the antique decorations of the room, with queer faces peeping forth upon us, there stands out, bright and ever new, the great white marble fireplace. It is of Italian workmanship, and its stately upright carvings reach to the ceiling of the room. Here, as elsewhere, are massive silver fire-dogs and sconces.

At the end of the gallery, beneath the window that overlooks the Green Court, stands the treasurer's chest of that Lord Buckhurst who is said to have gained Knole by being late for the Council one day—when Elizabeth gave her trusty servant Knole House, as a more accessible place of residence than his former home among the heavy roads of Sussex. Though, if his Lordship were in the habit of taking a chest of this capacity with him, one is not surprised that he needed a team of sturdy oxen to draw his coach, nor that their progress was extremely slow.

Turning to the left from the Cartoon Gallery, and passing the tiniest pretty chamber of red and green, you come to the King's Room, still kept as it was when James I. slept in it. There is an oddity about all memories of the queer, cumbrous, Solomon of Scotland—he looks odd painted in his chair in the Leicester Gallery, with the real chair just below his Royal feet: and here, in his special room, sumptuous as it all is, one is first conscious of a kind of amusement. Yet the state bed is gorgeous enough—with its plumed canopy-top, its coverings of cloth of gold—and cost, they say, eight thousand pounds; while fourteen thousand more were spent upon the toilet-service, of solid silver, the furniture, now faded, covered with velvet (green on white), and the tapestry specially wrought for his Majesty's reception. Perhaps the humour of it lies, after all, mainly in this very tapestry, which shows, with a simple realism, the moving scenes of the madness of King Nebuchadnezzar.

Another biblical tapestry at Knole is that which gives the history of Noah's Ark, from the heating of the pitch for its building to the departure of the animals in strict boarding-school procession of two and two; this hangs in the little chapel-room, not far from the ball-room. In a house like Knole, especially as it was originally a churchman's house, there are naturally a good many rooms of or belonging to the chapel. Besides the present chapel itself, and its vestry, and the chapel-room, and the organ-room, there is the room now known as Lady Sackville's, which was in old days the chapel; and a very little "Priest's Room"—where was an altar, and where is still seen the inscription "Benedictus Deus"—is also said to have been used as a chapel.

The organ-room and the chapel-room are now storehouses of all manner of curiosities. Later than the pale-green tapestry of the latter is its screen, worked by Queen Elizabeth herself; far earlier, probably, are some very notable Indian lamp-stands of bronze.

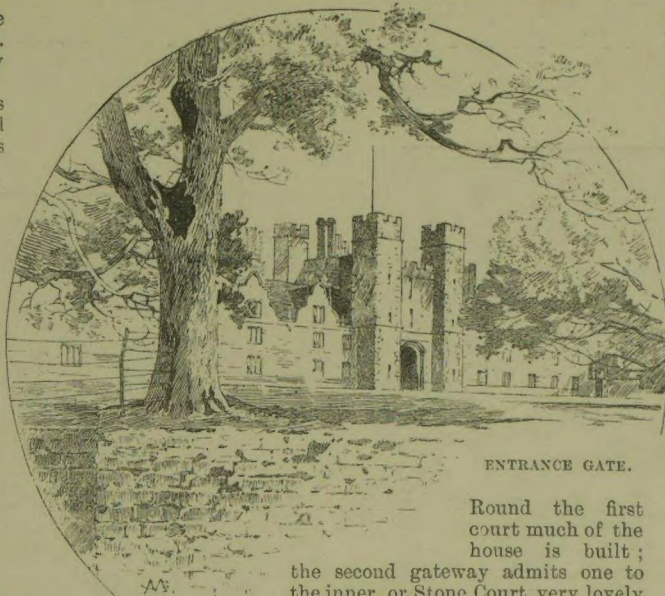
Up half a dozen steps from this room, and round a corner, is the organ-room, whose instrument is said to be the second made in England; it is not dumb yet, but has some sweet notes left. The organ is so placed that, though the player was unseen by the congregation in the chapel below, he could see the altar. This room is, as Mr. Brady says in his account of Knole, "an ancient apartment of extremely rude finish, the walls being covered with oak boards, not framed into panelling"; and on its floor lie many relics of old days—with a bullion-chest, by no means useless in such company. With a certain congruity, when one considers the traditions of the priests of old (and doubtless of the organists of their days), there is here a remarkable assembly of drinking-vessels—Black Jacks of leather, a long glass holding "a yard of ale," a great "Jeroboam" which held eight bottles. The waggishness of past drinkers is shown in the titles of two of these measures—"My Lord's conscience," and "My Lady's."

There is nearly always a special beauty, a quiet and a charm, about the private chapel of a great house; nor is such beauty lacking here. It is a lofty Perpendicular building, its arched ceiling of blue, with a gold network over it; the walls all of wood, with gilding; and a wooden floor. A great window, with very small panes, fills up the end, and facing this is some beautiful screen-work before the organ. One side is wholly hung with antique tapestry; and the many curious little wooden figures over the altar date from the time of Mary Queen of Scots, who gave them to the Earl of Dorset. This chapel suffered much in former days from decay and barbarous "improvement"; it was a work of real restoration which was carried out here by the mother of the present owner.

There remain still some three hundred rooms to be spoken of, besides courts, gardens, and park: "which is absurd." Yet a word must be spoken of the suite of rooms leading to the Poets' Room. There are the little Bird Room, near the entrance; the Music Room, of pale green, with its fittings all of satinwood, its pictures—a Gainsborough, specially ("Miss Lindley and her Brother,") and a crayon drawing, said to be the first of its kind—and, among its ornaments, a very beautiful gold screen, designed by Lady Sackville; the Library, which is of a decent brown, as respectable libraries should be; and the Boudoir, wherein are some noteworthy pictures—a Teniers, and a very young portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, by Zuechero (which reminds one, by-the-way, that perhaps the youngest portrait at Knole is that of Ninon de l'Enclos—at seventy!).

In an ante-room are some presents made by the Queen to the present Lord Sackville: a statuette, by Boehm, of herself, spinning; her bust; and a spirited figure of a Highland piper. In the next, the Colonnade Room—which was formerly open to the garden, but whose arches are now filled up with windows—the walls of stone are, curiously enough, painted to represent stone arches; and very like stone arches they look! These fanciful decorations were the work of the Italian artist who painted the Grand Staircase. Above their sober grey is a pretty ceiling, whose pattern of white on pale-blue has something of a Wedgwood look.

So much for the three hundred and twelve rooms of Knole: now of its dozen courts a word or two. The first, the great Green Court, is as a stately quadrangle in some ancient college. Round the dark greensward rise the grey and ivy-covered walls, with mullioned windows just to be seen through the leaves; Greek statues are on the grass, and the Olympian athlete looks hardly older than the veteran gate-towers, inner and outer, which face one another across the grass—four-square and sturdy, each with its high-arched gateway; the outer one flanked by four tall towers, the inner by broad wings.



ENTRANCE GATE.

Round the first court much of the house is built; the second gateway admits one to the inner, or Stone Court, very lovely in its cool grey-white. Here all is stone—the arcade across the further end, with its eight slender columns, and the wide balcony above them; the tower that fills the front, and the little steeple over it; the pavement, under which is the great reservoir of water; all, except a glimpse of red roofs, and one tree.

A very ancient court is that now called the Wood Yard; a perfect delight to look upon, though wherein lies its special beauty is hard to say. All is as plain as may be; yet it is a grand old court—all for service and nothing for show, and so, no doubt, the finer. The grey walls of the house form one side of it, with towers, high chimneys, and gable-ends, and entire irregularity and perfect simplicity. At one end are the stables, at the other the laundry; the bake-house is at the back and a high wall opposite—beyond, tall trees shut in the view.

Plainer still, and somehow exceedingly fine, is the corner of the very ancient stables—one of the oldest parts of Knole. In its bald picturesqueness it reminds one of some old Scotch house, beautiful altogether against its will. Facing this was the barn—the ancient tithe-barn, holding three hundred loads of wheat—burnt in the fire last August, which was so near to doing irretrievable damage to the great house. But for the new waterworks, very recently carried out by Lord Sackville, and the enthusiastic zeal with which firemen and neighbours worked, Knole must have been destroyed.

Another of the oldest bits at Knole is the Water Court, surrounded by gables over small old-fashioned windows in the plain walls; and a charming little place is the Pheasant Court, with its diamond-paned windows in the wing which is named (I do not know why) after King John.

It does not seem that any part of the present house really dates back as far as the reign of John. The building of Knole—or at all events of by far the greater part of it—may be divided into two principal periods. A house new, or mainly new, seems to have been built on the old site when, in 1457, Lord Say and Sele sold the manor to Archbishop Bourchier—"with all the tymbre, wood, ledde, stone, and brecke lying within the said manor, at the quarrie of John Cartiers in the parish of Seale;" and the latest alterations were made by Elizabeth's Lord Buckhurst (then Earl of Dorset) in the first few years of the seventeenth century. Since 1605—the date on some of the waterspouts—Knole House has stood, as a whole, unchanged.

In King John's Front—yellow, gabled, with a line of projecting windows, and little windows above them—was the original great entrance to the house. This now opens into a charming garden, sheltered by great trees and a grand massive wall. Higher up is a level lawn—it was of old a bowling-green—inclosed by a low green wall; from the end of this is a delightful view of the zigzag line of house, grey beneath its red roofs—and from a yet higher point, a seat under the trees, on the top of the wall, there is a grand view of two sides of the house.

Not far away, through a grille of ironwork from Italy, one has a very pretty peep of the park; in whose thousand acres are some noble trees, and many a delightful valley. The famous King's Beech is thirty-two feet round; there is an aged Spanish chestnut, and Seven Oaks, which may or may not have given their name to the town. A lime in the private grounds—whose walls, by-the-by, inclose some five-and-twenty acres—is noticeable from the way in which its drooping branches have taken root, and three or four younger generations have sprung up round the parent trunk.

From a little pathway of grass one sees a very pleasant aspect of the house. On the left, white pigeons cluster beautifully round the peaked and gabled pigeon-house and above the orangery—this was the theatre, in the days of the third Duke, King Charles's Dorset—and to the right, past the low arched doorway of half a dozen lights, is the greenhouse, where grow camellias two centuries old.

Four centuries before the camellias begin the authentic records of Knole; in the fifth year of King John the manor and estate were given, with others, by their owner, Baldwin de Bethune, Earl of Albemarle, with his daughter—in "franc marriage"—to William Mareschal, Earl of Pembroke. Soon after Mareschal's death there commenced an extraordinary series of transfers to and from the Crown, which continued for centuries; Knole seemed of its nature incapable of keeping out of Royal hands, and its Royal owners seemed just as determined to give it away.

William Mareschal's brother, and heir, forfeited Knole to the Crown by taking part in the rebellion of the Barons against John and Henry III. Henry granted it to Fulk de Brent, a soldier of fortune from the Low Countries, whose cruelties, oppression, and treason afterwards brought about his banishment and the consequent return of his estates to the King. He restored them to the repentant Mareschal; whose heirs and assigns—more especially the latter—then reigned at Knole for a century.

The estate was in the hands of the Church when the next King took a fancy to it. Henry VIII. suggested to Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury—whose residence it was—that Knole Park would be a fitting present to his Sovereign; and when the Archbishop demurred, said plainly, "By Heaven, I will have it!" There was no resisting this: and Henry owned the manor of Knole till his death. His son exchanged it for other estates with Dudley, Earl of Warwick, but bought it back again two or three years after: and Warwick, though on this re-sale he reserved to himself the house and gardens,

forfeited them, with his life, for the share he took (as Duke of Northumberland) in the crowning of Jane Grey.

The new Sovereign, Queen Mary, granted the manor, house, and lands to Cardinal Pole; but at his death (a few hours after her own) they reverted to the Crown. Then Elizabeth presented the place to her favourite Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester—"to hold the same *in capite* by knight's service"—in the third year of her reign; but he surrendered it to her in the eighth.

Immediately after this came the grant to Lord Buckhurst, and the Royal generosity at last took permanent effect. Indeed, the only time since 1568 that Knole has left for a while the possession of the Sackville family it has passed into the hands, not of the Monarch, but of simple Mr. Smith.

Among the Sackvilles and their forerunners there have been, it needs not to be said, many men of the highest distinction. One of the first of its famous names is that of James Fiennes, Lord Say and Sele. The Mareschals had left the estate to the Bigods, who sold it to the Grandisons; of them Geoffrey De Say bought it, but it seems that his great-grandson, James Fiennes, had again to buy it back from one Ralph Leghe, who had meantime acquired it. Lord Say and Sele was the eminent and powerful man whose name has been made familiar to all of us by Shakespeare's vivid picture of his murder by Jack Cade and the mob.

The next owners were the Archbishops of Canterbury—Thomas Bourchier, who bought it and bequeathed it to the Church; Morton, who greatly improved it; Warham, "a most accomplished and perfect prelate"; and the famous Cranmer. The later of these prelates, however, preferred the neighbouring palace of Oxford for their residence.

After the ambitious Northumberland came the first and greatest of the Sackvilles: a very great man indeed was Thomas, first Earl of Dorset. In his youth he was a spendthrift, and, sad to say, a writer of plays—or at least of one play: "Ferrex and Porrex," the first English tragedy, the forerunner of "Hamlet" and of "Lear." Before middle-age, however, he became, and throughout a long life continued, one of the greatest and most trusted of English statesmen, Elizabeth's Lord High Treasurer; and died sitting at the Council-board, where he had held his place for nearly half a century—and where his want of punctuality on one occasion had given him (according to a legend, at least alas! as unlikely as most others) his stately house of Knole.

Robert his son reigned but a year; and Robert the grandson set himself with an admirable speed and resolution to get through the family estates. As a promising beginning, he married within two days of his father's death—when he was of the mature age of twenty, and the lady (a famous beauty) nineteen; and in five years he had finished the estates, and within a dozen more his life. As to the ways in which the money went, a roll of the servants kept in 1624—very little before the end—still hangs in the Brown Gallery, and gives us a very sufficient notion. There were in the regular household 119 people, apart from visitors; of these, eight dined daily at my Lord's table, twenty-one at the parlour-table, twenty at the clerk's table in the hall, four in the nursery, forty-eight at the long table in the hall, at the laundry-maid's table twelve, and in the kitchen and scullery six.

Thus it came to pass that Robert, third Earl of Dorset, sold his estate of Knole (still, however, tenanted it, at a rent of about £100 a year) to Mr. Henry Smith, citizen and alderman of London; whose name for charity, honesty, and worth, not one of his noble successors can have eclipsed. During his lifetime, and afterwards by his will, his charities reached almost every parish in his native county of Surrey, and many further afield.

It was half a century from the sale of Knole before Richard, the fifth Earl, was able—thanks to a wealthy marriage—to redeem it. Edward, the fourth Earl, a constant adherent of Charles I., had suffered greatly, both in family and in purse, by his devotion to the cause. (Perhaps the most noted event in Edward Sackville's life, however, was the horrible and deadly duel he fought in his younger days, with Lord Bruce—"upon a subject very unwarrantable," says Clarendon.)

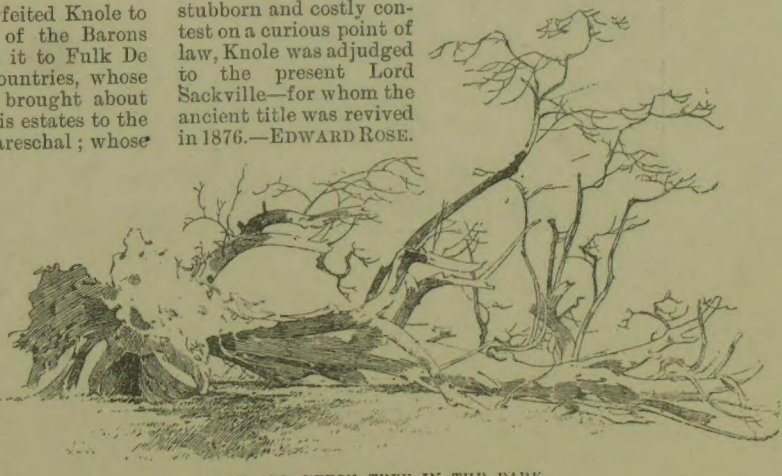
Of Charles, sixth Earl of Dorset—wit, courtier, politician, poet, and patron of poets—

Dorset, the grace of courts, the Muse's pride, according to Pope—the satirist who ranked among satirists as Shakespeare among poets, according to Dryden—the critic of whom Prior said that "Bernini would have taken his opinion upon the beauty and attitude of a figure, and King Charles did not agree with Lely that my Lady Cleveland's picture was finished, till it had the approbation of my Lord Buckhurst"—the first gentleman, says Horace Walpole, "in the voluptuous Court of Charles II. and in the gloomy one of King William; he had as much wit as his first master, or his contemporaries Buckingham and Rochester, without the King's want of feeling, the Duke's want of principle, or the Earl's want of thought"—Dorset with his recklessness and valour, who, the night before a sea-fight with the Dutch, wrote the famous song—

To all you ladies now on land—

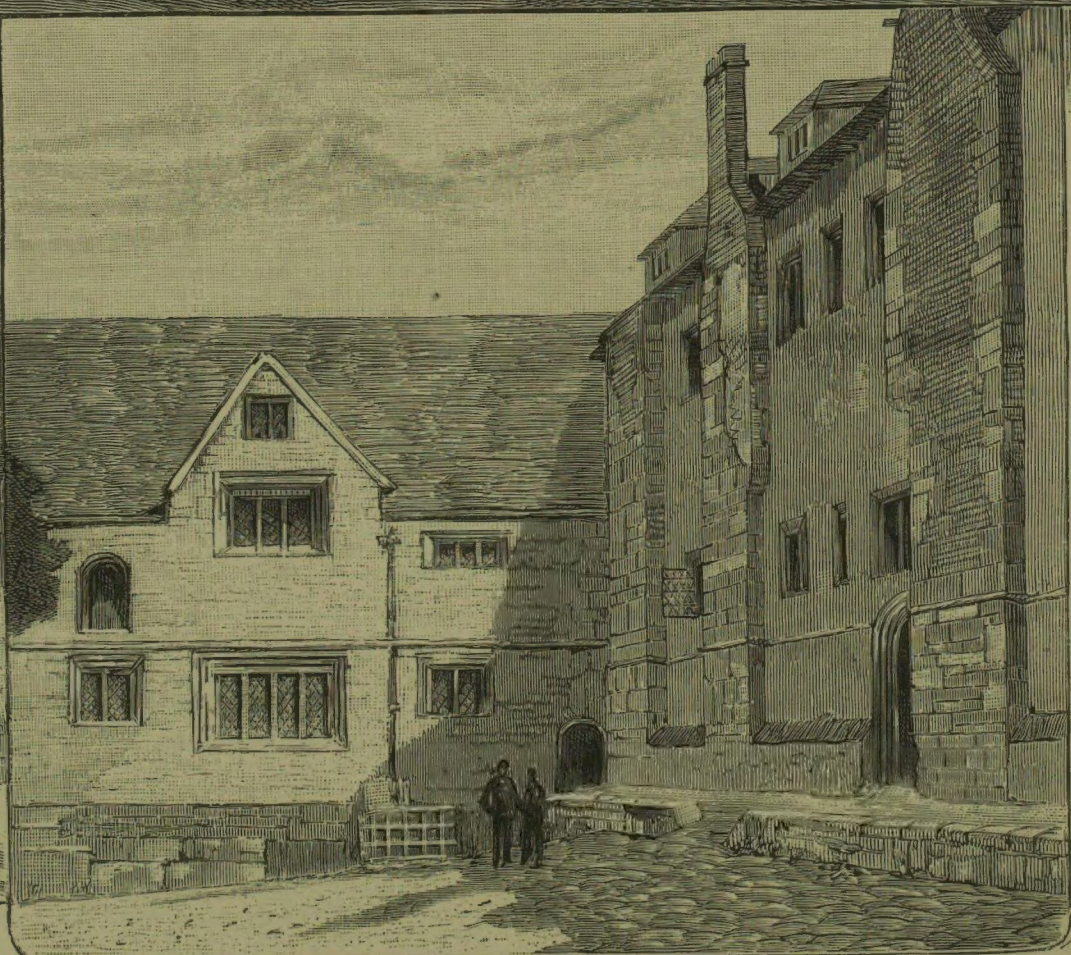
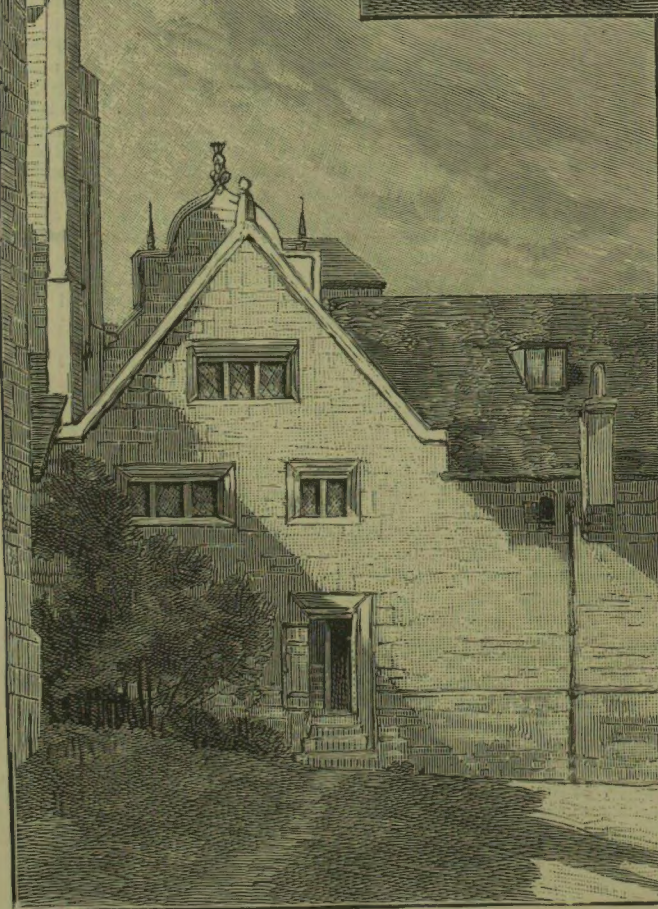
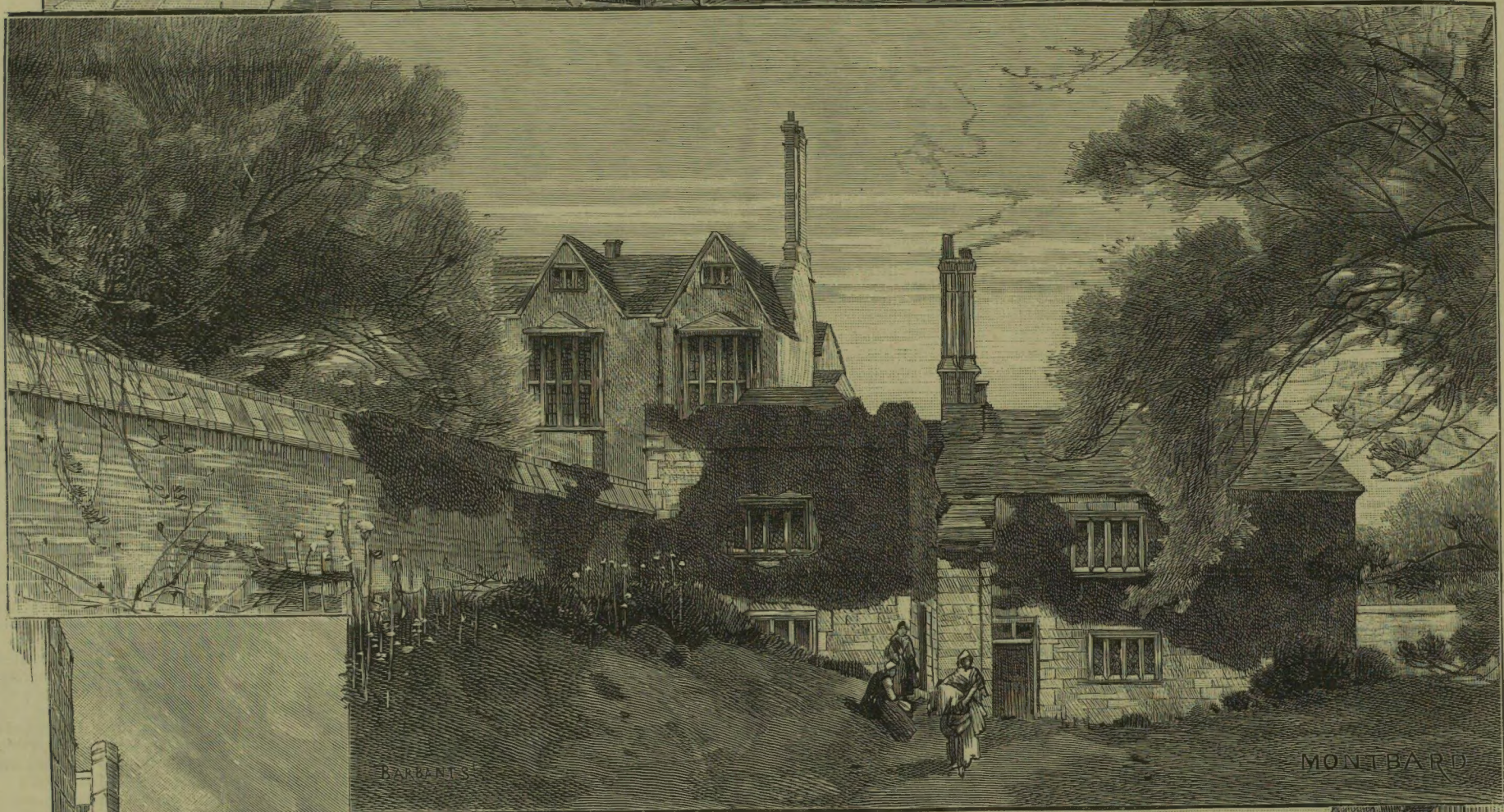
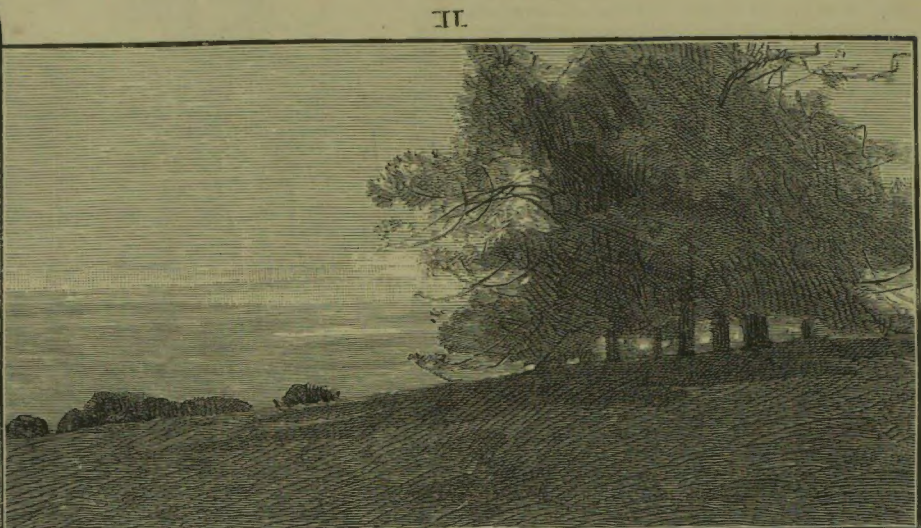
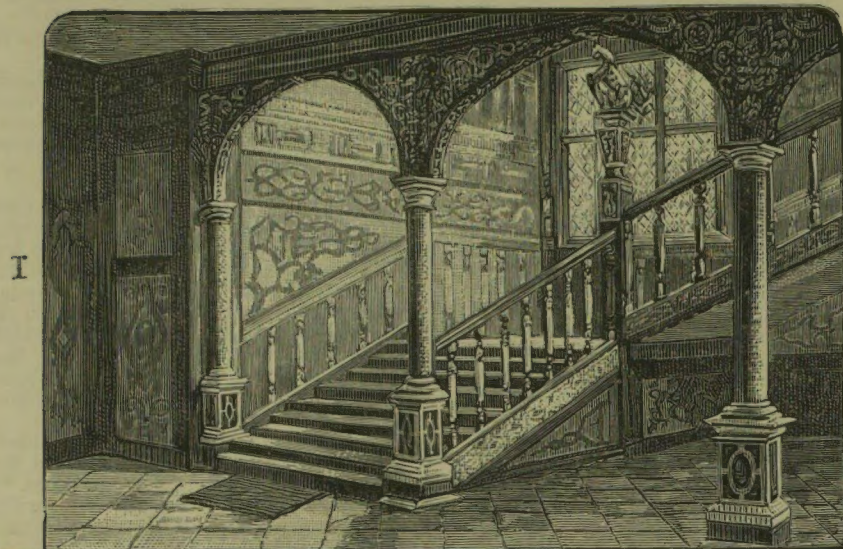
with its careless burthen of a "Fa la, la, la, la,"—of the fifth successor of Elizabeth's counsellor, what more is to be said, save that he was not without points of resemblance to his great ancestor? The riot and revel of his early life were followed by twenty years of a keen interest in serious politics, and a trustworthiness attested by as keen a judge as William III. Dorset was largely instrumental in the expulsion of King James, and was four times appointed one of the Regents of the Kingdom during William's absences abroad.

Since his time, Knole has been happy as those countries which have no history; the only serious disturbance in its placid story was the famous lawsuit of a few years ago, as to the interpretation of the will of the survivor of the coheirs of the estate, the Countesses of Delaware and Plymouth. After a stubborn and costly contest on a curious point of law, Knole was adjudged to the present Lord Sackville—for whom the ancient title was revived in 1876.—EDWARD ROSE.



AN OLD BEECH-TREE IN THE PARK.

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XIII. KNOLE PARK.



1. The Great Staircase.

2. The Seven Oaks.

3. The Laundry.

4. Back of the Stables from Wood-yard.

5. The Stables.